

August 22, 1942

PUBLISHED IN  
EVERY STATE

The Australian

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SOLD EVERY WEEK

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



PRICE

3d

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as  
a newspaper.

# DAREDEVIL DAYTON

Comedy romance  
by

Howard Brubaker

**O**N a rainy October Saturday night I called up Valerie Falcott from my room at the Aikley Arms and asked whether I might come out and see her.

Valerie's voice rippled over the wire: "But absolutely, darling. I'm simply perishing to see you, Ernie. I haven't laid an eye on you for a million years."

Do not be misled by her exaggerated form of speech. In her language "darling" means somebody she knows, "simply perishing" means willing, and "a million years" signifies a couple of weeks.

For example, the last time I had asked her for a date she had spoken the same way; yet she had soon torn herself from me and visited hot spots with "Gink" Willet (who had first borrowed five dollars from me). I had stayed at the house till ten o'clock talking with Mr. Falcott about oil burners, brass plumbing and termites, for I am in real estate.

I am a junior executive in the firm of Kennerly, Starbank and Spink. Real Estate, Insurance, and Money to Loan on Improved Property. We are the leading realtors in Graysport. I have been with the company five years and my advancement has been steady yet not too rapid for safety.

But alas there is the liability side of the ledger. In the department of social recreation I am no great success.

Mary Chilton had spoken the plain truth last Thursday night after the party at Lambert's. I lack "oomph."

This brings up the pleasant topic of Mary Chilton, the object of my esteem, admiration, and affection. Mary is cultured but kindly, intelligent but attractive.

As to the party at Genevieve Lambert's, I admit that I was not the life of same. The star of the occasion had been one Gifford Tickley, who caused gales of laughter by strutting about with a lampshade on his head.

"I'm glad that painful affair is over," Mary had said as I was driving her home.

"I'm afraid I'm a disappointment to you," I said.



Her reply was engraved upon my memory.

"You are the finest person I know, Ernest, but I sometimes think you are lacking in 'oomph.'"

For two days her words had been going through my head over and over like a record, "lacking in 'oomph,' lacking in 'oomph.'" By close reasoning I reached this conclusion. If Mary had said I needed a new suit, I would have gone to a tailor. Since it was "oomph" I lacked, I would go to the person who had more of it than anyone else in Graysport, viz., Valerie Falcott. I would get pointers from Valerie and apply them to my personal programme.

That is why I was now driving

out Hillcrest Avenue at full legal speed in my sturdy 1933, but still serviceable, coupe.

Now I was putting my raincoat, rubbers, and umbrella into the hallway of the fairly palatial Falcott home, fourteen rooms and three baths, oil burner, and electric refrigeration.

"Ernie, the earnest earner!" Valerie cried as she came dancing to meet me.

I now told her why I had come to see her. I did not handy the name of Mary Chilton, for Valerie is not too fond of her and jokingly calls her "Mary Chilblain." I merely said that I was working on a personal problem. While doing all right in the field of Real Estate, Insurance, and Money to Loan on Improved Property, I was no social success and not popular at parties.

I had hoped that she would point out some little faults which I could easily correct, but such was not the case. I was wrong from head to feet. Having a methodical mind, I give you a synopsis of her criticisms:

A. I am a conversational washout. Under this head she deplored my practice of being a free information bureau.

"I may be too educational," I admitted.

"You're a two-legged night school. Don't tell a girl motor cars are a menace. Tell her she is."

B. I am an old sourpuss. My face, though frightfully cute, is too solemn. I go to a party as if inspecting the scene of a catastrophe.

C. I make girls old before their time. The age of chivalry is dead. Yet I talk like a gentleman of the old school, polite and refined and all that stuff.

D. My dancing is a frightful calamity. I am a hopper and a bumper. I do not know that they have invented anything since the minuet.

E. I am never whacky, screwy, or goofy. This is the gravest charge of all. When I step out I take my intellect along, which is a terrible thing to do.

She laid a hand upon my sleeve and said earnestly:

"Remember this, darling. Brains

"What are you folks doin' in my house?" Dawning demanded indignantly.

may be O.K. in the daytime, but they should never be used after sunset. That's how come you are a business wowl but a social droop. Youth is the time for fun and folly." She pointed a rosy fingernail at me and said reproachfully: "I bet you've never even been in gaol."

Here I voiced an objection: Indiscretions might interfere with my career; for Graysport, though growing, was hardly large enough for loose conduct.

"I mean going to gaol might not please Mr. Kennerly or Mr. Starbank or even Mr. Spink."

"Why do you say even Mr. Spink?"

I EXPLAINED that Abercrombie Spink, the junior member of the firm, was less conservative than the other two, a good mixer, and the best lot salesman in the organisation.

"Ah is a bachelor, of course." "Yes, do you know him?" She shook her golden head.

"But no girl would become Mrs. Abercrombie Spink. What a gruesome name that would be to drag around!"

I brought the conversation back to the main issue.

"You have told me what is the matter with me. Now, how can I cure it?"

She looked me over thoughtfully. "You're not too hopeless. With

that dead pan, you might be devastating if you cut loose. I could do wonders with you if you'd put yourself in my hands."

"O.K., little Valrie. You're the doctor."

"But grand! This is going to be terrific!" She jumped to her vibrant feet. "Let's go places!"

Half an hour later we were at Weebaugh Inn, a place vibrating to the rhythm of the Dingdongs, violently directed by Slap Seeley. Valerie was an excellent partner and I really put some "oomph" into my dancing.

"How'm I doin'?" I asked as we returned to our table.

"You're not too dismal. How about biting a couple of groceries?"

"Anything your pearly teeth desire."

Her pearly teeth desired costly lobster, and what with cover charge, drink and cigarettes, my entertainment and recreation account took a lot of pumice-ment, though personally I had a mere ham sandwich and a bottle of beer.

"Let me tip you off to something," Valerie said when she had bitten all her groceries. "If you zip Slap Seeley three bucks he will let you lead the orchestra. I bet you'd be a scream!"

"That sounds like a nice goofy thing to do," I managed to say, though the idea was repellent.

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# WEEKEND

# Murder

F. RICHARD SALMON

**I**T was when Peter Kennedy married that Murdoch made up his mind to kill him. It was not an impulsive decision made in a moment of jealous passion. It developed slowly, feeding on his hatred through the years like an insidious growth, and had gradually taken possession of his mind.

Murdoch had always hated Peter Kennedy, but no one knew, not even Kennedy himself. People thought they were bosom friends. They thought Murdoch worshipped Kennedy and he was careful to foster the impression.

Life would have been very different for Murdoch if Peter Kennedy had not been born. Everything he had ever really wanted Kennedy had taken from him, and always just when it was within his grasp.

It always had been so. Never to his dying day would he forget how Kennedy, the negative, colourless Kennedy with his weak blue eyes and his high-pitched voice, had been preferred to himself as captain of their school cricket team. He had been the first to congratulate him, but as he had smiled and gripped Kennedy's hand hatred had burned in his soul.

"Bad luck," Kennedy had said apologetically. "It's you who should be skipper. But it won't make any difference, will it, Johnnie?" And Murdoch had put his arm around the other's shoulders and said, "Don't be a fool, Peter, as if anything could make any difference."

And then Kennedy just beat him for the History Prize. He had set his teeth and smiled as if overjoyed at his friend's success, but behind his smile he thought, "Curse you, Kennedy, curse you." And Kennedy with his maddening self-depreciation had said, "I believe you didn't

try, Johnnie, because you wanted to give me a chance." That was what enraged Murdoch, Kennedy's odious modesty. If he had been boastful he could have borne him.

They left school together and joined the same firm, and, although Murdoch did well, Kennedy was always ahead of him, always blocking his path, always beating him to his every ambition. He would have been managing director but for Kennedy.

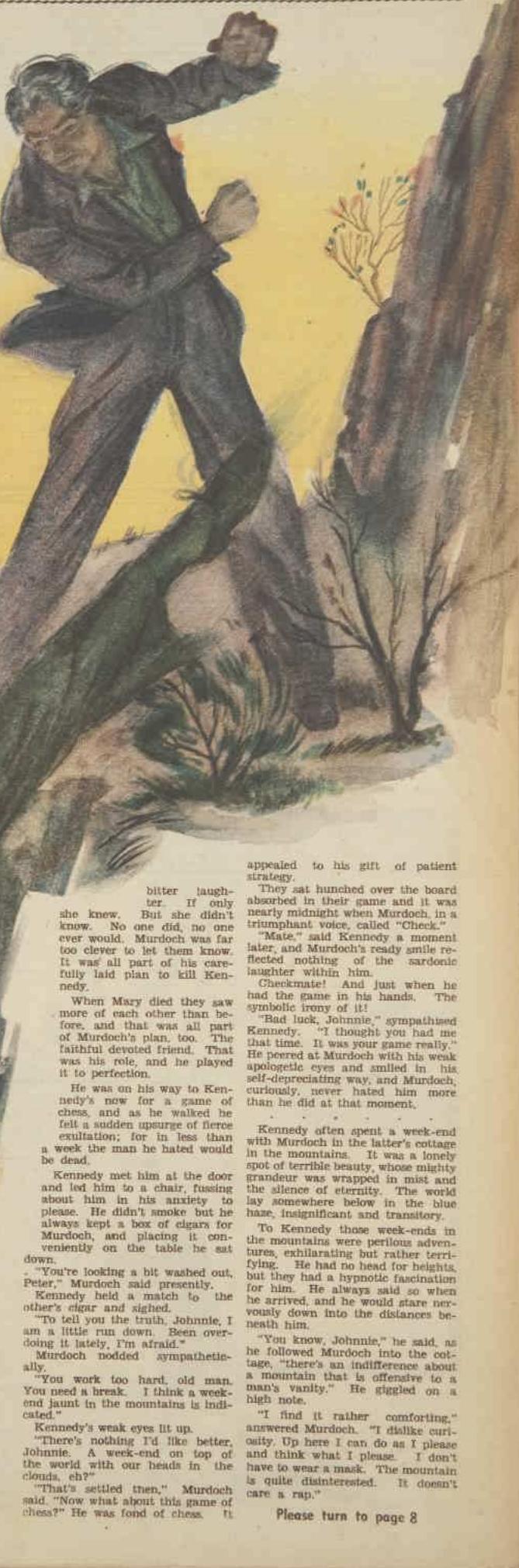
And then Kennedy married Mary, Mary whom Murdoch worshipped. It was then that Murdoch determined to kill him.

No one ever knew that he loved Mary, and he had been best man at the wedding. That was five

years ago. Mary had died soon after, and that made him hate Kennedy more than ever, if that were possible.

Mary, never guessing at the agonised longing in Murdoch's heart, had been a little amused at the two men's inseparable friendship and she would tease them a little. David and Jonathan, she called them, David and Jonathan! Murdoch shook with

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With savage satisfaction, Murdoch watched Peter Kennedy hurtle downwards.

appealed to his gift of patient strategy.

They sat hunched over the board absorbed in their game and it was nearly midnight when Murdoch, in a triumphant voice, called "Check."

"Mate," said Kennedy a moment later, and Murdoch's ready smile reflected nothing of the sardonic laughter within him.

Checkmate! And just when he had the game in his hands. The symbolic irony of it!

"Bad luck, Johnnie," sympathised Kennedy. "I thought you had me that time. It was your game really." He peered at Murdoch with his weak apologetic eyes and smiled in his self-deprecating way, and Murdoch, curiously, never hated him more than he did at that moment.

Murdoch often spent a week-end with Murdoch in the latter's cottage in the mountains. It was a lonely spot of terrible beauty, whose mighty grandeur was wrapped in mist and the silence of eternity. The world lay somewhere below in the blue haze, insignificant and transitory.

To Kennedy those week-ends in the mountains were perilous adventures, exhilarating but rather terrifying. He had no head for heights, but they had a hypnotic fascination for him. He always said so when he arrived, and he would stare nervously down into the distances beneath him.

"You know, Johnnie," he said, as he followed Murdoch into the cottage, "there's an indifference about mountain that is offensive to a man's vanity." He giggled on a high note.

"I find it rather comforting," answered Murdoch. "I dislike curiosity. Up here I can do as I please and think what I please. I don't have to wear a mask. The mountain is quite disinterested. It doesn't care a rap."

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MY feet felt like lead as I dragged them down the dining-room. The maestro took my bribe and asked my name and business. In a daze I heard him laughingly announce that Ernest Dayton, the well-known realtor, would guest-conduct the Dingdanglers in the next number. To complete my terror, another fellow was saying the same thing into the microphone of our local station, AFNZ. I would be broadcast and all Grayport and environs would hear of my folly!

When the music started I waved my stick, and was rewarded with a laugh from the dancers and grocery bitters. This response from my public and the rhythm I was evoking from my jive crew had an astonishing effect upon me. Somehow I suddenly received a supply of oomph. I eventually finished amid wild laughter and the din of noise-makers.

"You mowed 'em down," said Slap Seeley as he shook my hand.

I walked back to our table through the laughing merrymakers. Valerie turned on all her facial bulbs.

"You were stupendous! The lessons you learned at Vallie's knee—What's the matter, darling? Don't you feel so hot?"

I did not feel so hot, for a certain party in a dinner coat was headed our way, and I wished this were not the case. Now he was slapping me on the back.

"Congratulations on your comedy act, Dayton. I never knew you were a playboy."

There was nothing I could do but introduce him.

"Miss Falcoff, may I present a member of our firm, Mr. Spink."

"You can't mean Ab," Valerie said. I winced, but my employer did not seem offended.

"None other. You've been holding out on me, Dayton. I'd like to bring over my friend, Mrs. Halleen. She wants to meet you."

"Oh, oh? The dames are beginning to cluster," Valerie snickered.

## Daredevil Dayton

"I've been trying to sell her a lot in Brookripple, but no dice so far. Give her a play, Dayton."

"O.K. Is there a Mr. Halleen?"

"She hasn't sobbed out her life-story on my shoulder. She may be a widow, but she's probably a divorcee."

He vanished, then reappeared with a glamorous red-head.

"This cute little trick," said Spink; as he presented us, "answers to the name of Tulip."

Remembering that the age of chivalry is dead, I cried:

"By-ya, BT Tulip! Plant yourself by Daredevil Dayton."

In the next hour I was thrown much into the society of Tulip, for whom I unfolded currency and compliments.

At eleven-thirty my budget was unbalanced. I had overdrawn the entertainment and recreation account and I was smoking next week's cigarettes. Moreover, I was sleepy. Therefore I was happy to hear Valerie say: "Let's shove off, Ernie. That band is dying on its feet."

"Whatever you say, little Vallie."

Upon my ears now fell these disheartening words:

"I'm simply frantic to go to the Peacock, in Blair. That's only twenty miles. They've got a trumpet who can go all over the horn."

"Just for the heck of it," said Spink. "It's trade partners. Vallie and I will breeze along and get a table."

I drove off with no enthusiasm for this project. If Tulip would say the word, I would gladly take her to her hotel and call the whole thing off, but I could not suggest it, after all my pretty speeches. At a certain crossroad I stopped the car and said:

"We don't have to drive clear down to Grayville. This country road is a short cut. It is jokingly called 'Lovers' Lane.'

Though a loyal employee, I had taken a prospect entrusted to me and got her into a jam. Though my

This was a narrow hilly woodland road with a few scattered farmhouses but untouched by the hand of progress or the realtor. Soon the road would lead down into the valley of Babbling Brook which Mary Chilton loved and where we sometimes went to "list to Nature's teachings." Unfortunately, there was a heavy fog in the valley to-night, my headlights were rather dim, and it was hard to keep to the road. My companion was growing jittery.

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it," I said. "I'll drive carefully and we'll be out of this before long."

By ill chance, the car listed dangerously at that moment and we almost ran off into the ditch.

"If you don't break my pretty little neck." A few minutes later she said: "This seems to be a house. Maybe we can telephone for help."

Our lights showed a home-made sign nailed to a tree: "For Sale or Rent, H. Dawling." This was bad news, for Dawling was a cranky old farmer who had once had some disagreement with my firm. I explained to Tulip that this was a summer cottage which had not been rented this season. This was the worst thing I could have said, for she sprang out and demanded that we try to find some way to get in out of the storm that had broken. "That would be trespass and maybe burglary."

"Come on, Daredevil Dayton. I'm cold and I'm scared. I'm getting soaked to the knees in this tall grass. Would you mind carrying me? I'm not very heavy."

Presently I found time to take stock of the false situation in which I found myself. Though a firm believer in property rights, I had entered Dawling's house by an unlocked window. We were now sitting in his willow chairs and burning his wood in his fireplace.

Though a loyal employee, I had taken a prospect entrusted to me and got her into a jam. Though my

Continued from page 2

heart was true to Mary Chilton, I was spending the night in a cottage with an attractive red-haired widow or divorcee.

While I was getting more wood from the shed, Tulip had removed some wet clothing, hung it out to dry, and wrapped herself in a blanket.

She thrust a bare foot out toward the fire, wriggled her toes, and yawned luxuriously. Now she began to talk in an alarming way.

"To-night has been a turning point in my life. I want to quit the hot spots and settle down in a peaceful cozy nook like this. You're not suited to that kind of thing either. You're a home boy."

In that other fireside chat, which now seemed ages ago, Valerie had told me how to be popular with the fair sex. I had learned my lesson only too well. Tulip might be a fine woman, but I did not wish to be the turning point in her life. In this crisis I remembered that ladies do not like to have their minds improved, so I told Tulip some fascinating facts. The plan worked like a charm, for she promptly fell asleep.

This danger averted, I had only to keep the fire burning and at the first

AT the hotel she gave me a warm handshake and she said she would get in touch with me to-morrow.

"Thanks for everything, Ernest. This night has meant a lot to me."

I wondered what it would mean to me. Probably I thought, loss of my job—and Mary.

It took all my strength of character to go to work Monday morning. The first thing I had to face was a visit from Spink.

"You didn't show up in Blair Saturday night," he said. "How come?"

"Tulip was tired and I took her to her hotel."

It did not seem necessary to mention the hour.

"Valerie and I stayed at the Peacock and closed up the place. I think a girl a wow!"

I was glad that my employer was not offended with me, but I was still sitting on the edge of a volcano.

The sword of Damocles hung over my head until mid-afternoon, when the crisis came. Mrs. Halleen, the girl said, was here to see me.

My spirits rose, then dropped with a thud. For Tulip was not alone. She was followed by a prosperous-looking man of about forty, and my instinct told me he was her lawyer.

"Hello, Ernest," she said cheerfully. "Have you caught up on sleep after our night in Lovers' Lane? I want you to meet my husband, Mr. Philip Halleen, Mr. Daredevil Dayton."

I bowed and leaned against the desk for support.

"How do you do?" he said. "I would like to speak to the head of your firm, please."

In another minute we were on our way down the hall to the office of the senior partner, the correct, conservative, conventional Mr. Kennerly.

As I said to Mary Chilton that night, "I felt like a convict on the last mile."

For at 8 p.m. I was still alive and at liberty and having another of those fireside chats. The way things had turned out, I had felt it best to tell all and trust to her generous heart if she had one.

"The events in Mr. Kennerly's office," I now said dramatically, "were the most amazing that ever happened to me. To make a long story short, my doubts of Tulip's character were unfounded and my fears were unfounded. Mr. Halleen had come not to complain of my conduct but to buy a large tract of land."

"How wonderful!" Mary spoke for the first time.

It was Mr. Halleen's plan, I explained, to purchase a hundred acres of woodland from Dawling to build some roads, and to resell parcels to nice people for summer homes. There would be profitable work for our firm for some time to come.

"I must stipulate," he said, pointing at me, "that the whole affair be put into the hands of Ernest Dayton. He is a whirlwind salesman. His methods are unconventional, but they get results."

Mr. Kennerly looked at me in surprise but agreed to put me in charge of the development. He said, "We think very highly of Mr. Dayton's work," though he had never said such a thing before.

"He just discovered your true worth," said Mary. "But how in the world did it happen?"

I learned that from the Halleens. Later, Philip, who is a New York business man, had long wanted to buy a place in the woods where he could wear old clothes and go fishing, but Tulip had refused to give up the hot spots and bury herself in the wilderness.

This disagreement was causing a serious rift between them. After one evening of my society she decided to abandon the life of the jitterbug and settle down. She says I made her see the futility of it all. She telephoned her husband and he came out to look at the place. So in my bumbling way I sold a farm and brought two souls together.

"You brought two other souls together also. Valerie Falcoff is going to marry Mr. Spink. Why, Ernest—I didn't mean—oh, my darling!"

For I was holding her close in my arms and whispering,

"You have always had a first mortgage on me."

My Mary looked at me with admiration and softly said: "You bring kindred souls together and sell them lots. Boy, have you got oomph?"

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### Animal Antics



"What were you saying about the Hereafter?"

break of dawn I would take Tulip home. But here my regular habits proved to be my undoing and nature took her toll. The next thing I heard was a nasal voice saying:

"What are you folks doing in my house? I'll have the law on you!"

It was broad daylight and I was looking into the unpleasant, unshaven face of Henry Dawling. His farm-house was nearby and he had, of course, seen the car.

For a moment I was speechless. My name would be stained with crime and scandal. I would lose my reputation and my job and Mary Chilton. Dawling must not know who we were.

But alas, Tulip found her voice before I did.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Dawling. The sign says your place is in the market. I'm Mrs. Halleen and Mr. Dayton is my real-estate agent. He was going to show me the place when it got light."

"That's a likely story," he said. "What people are you with?"

With a heavy heart I mumbled the name of my firm.

"Bah! I don't have no dealings with them slickers."

"Listen, Mr. Dawling," Tulip said. "Is there any trout in that brook?"

With my life structure tottering, the woman could talk about fish!

She shooed us out of the room and got dressed, asked a lot of questions about the property, and pretended to be much impressed.

"We'll be out again on Monday to talk things over, Mr. Dawling," she said as we got into the car.

"If you're foolin' me," he said, "Dayton will hear from the police."

As we started off for Grayport in the morning sunshine, I said, "That was a good trick, but what will happen when he finds out?"

"We'll look at the place again. He can't put us in gaol for not buying it, can he?"



# LAST WORD

Wynne Davies

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**Part 2**

**O**N TRIAL for the murder of her husband, BOYD CARTER, and NORA D R E W, beautiful EMILY CARTER is

defended by her attorney, MATT SHERIDAN, who loves her, but BENJAMIN NICHOLSON, for the prosecution, produces incriminating evidence against her from MINNIE JACKSON, proprietress of the disreputable Jackson's Farm, where Boyd and Nora used to meet, and near which they were shot.

In her prison cell at the end of the first day of the trial, Emily again goes over her story for Matt.

Just before the murder, Boyd, fearing that Minnie Jackson would disclose the secret of his affair with Nora, asked ALEXANDER PAYNE, bank director, to foreclose a mortgage on Jackson's Farm, and so drive Minnie Jackson from the district; but the woman had already told Emily her husband's secret. Emily recalls the evening when she told Boyd that she knew he had been meeting Nora at Jackson's Farm. Now read on—

**T**HE fragile cup in Boyd's hand came down on the saucer; the handle broke in his fingers. "Who told you Nora and I met there?"

"Minnie Jackson."

"When?"

"Five days ago, when I bought your letters from her."

"That package you gave me?"

"Yes. I should have told you I knew what was in it."

"You took it upon yourself—"

"I had to," Emily broke in. "She threatened to sell them to someone else. I thought paying her off—"

"Very considerate!" Boyd snapped. "But she did sell them to someone else. To me—the very day you gave me the package. She came to my office that morning. I wanted to get her out of the bank so agreed to send the money by messenger. She was to give him the letters. She didn't. Then you came in with the package done up in brown paper and said she left it. I never dreamed she played us both for suckers."

"What difference?" Emily answered anxiously. "As long as the letters are destroyed. You burned all of them, didn't you?"

"All I had. How do I know they're all she had? She might have stolen others from Nora."

The words poured from his grey lips without restraint as if he were alone.

"What good would it do her to go to anyone else? If she means to hold us for more blackmail can't she guess we'd go on paying?"

"Heaven knows! How can we be sure what she'll do?" He sprang up, started to pace the floor. "And I started the wheels in foreclosure proceedings."

"Can't you stop them? See Payne—"

"Too late. You don't know him when he's started on a purity crusade."

"Minnie Jackson won't have any way of finding out that you're responsible. You—" She stopped, then forced herself to speak her thought. This was no time for quibbling. "You went there so often—for so long—you must be on friendly terms. And if this foreclosure thing goes through she may come to you for help. Not to threaten you—just for help. If she does you can meet the mortgage."

He poured out a whisky straight, swallowed it at a gulp. He tossed down another, then turned on Emily. "I can thank you for this. Your confounded interference and your superiority! Your accused money I've lived on and hated you for!"

"My money. Is that why you married me, Boyd? Didn't you love me? The years I thought we were happy, were they a lie?"

He picked up the crystal decanter, poured another drink. "All right. You asked for it—you'll get it. I took Nora Drew because she's my woman. She lets me know it, lets me feel it in the same way as a puppy takes a beating and loves you more for it. I'm Nora's master. She'll risk anything to come to me when, where, how I please. It's been like that from the start. She gives me a love you couldn't give me even if you wanted to."

Emily didn't answer. This was like a nightmare. She had to listen while Boyd rashed on.

"Too good for me, eh? Well, get this! When I was a senior, my dad cashed in. He didn't leave me a dime. After graduation I said to myself, 'New York's the place.' But it wasn't. I couldn't make a living. My mother was alive then. You never knew my mother. She had a head on her shoulders. I followed her advice. I came back to this town and checked on available heiresses."

His tongue skated over the final "s." Yet he was sober enough to know what he said. Telling her gave him brutal satisfaction—Emily could see that. It was unbearable.

He went on. "Don't look at me like that! I know you're ready to throw me out. Say when!"

"I don't want to throw you out. I want to go myself—away from this house—and you—and everything that can remind me..." She turned from the sight of him. "I'll be away for a long time. David will be here to look after you. Act as though nothing had happened. When I get back—we can talk about a divorce."

He gave her a queer look. "When you get back—." He didn't finish the sentence, but suddenly put down his glass, drew a shaky hand over his head to the back of his neck, and stared at Emily like a man coming out of hypnosis. "What

"Guard, do me a favor, will you?" Matt called anxiously.

have I been saying? I'm jittery too many whiskies. Forget it, will you? Emily—forget what I said?"

But she knew that for the first time he had dared to tell her the truth.

In the morning she sent for Matt Sheridan. The legal firm of Sheridan and Sheridan handled the Penway estate. Old Matthew Sheridan was for years John Penway's neighbor, attorney, and habitual chess opponent. Their children grew up together.

Waiting for Matt, Emily thought of the day she announced her engagement to Boyd. She remembered Matt's rage as if she had done him a personal wrong: "Emily, you can't marry Boyd Carter. I won't let you!"

She laughed, twenty-one and recklessly in love. "Just try to stop me..." "Don't you know Carter is after—?" Matt stopped and substituted, "Of course you're in love with him. He never pulled your pigtails. He's the unknown quantity..." Now she knew he had meant to say: "Carter is after your money."

She was raking leaves when Matt's car swung into the driveway. She had to keep busy and the exercise made her less numb.

He sprang out and covered the lawn with what Emily always called his seven-league stride. Matt took a deep breath. "What a day, Emily!" He examined her with the penetration she always found difficult to avoid. He caught hold of her hands. "Nothing wrong, I hope."

"No. I just had to see you in a hurry. I'm going away soon, Matt."

"Where?"

"South America. I'm very tired. I didn't get away all last summer. I want to give you full power of attorney. Will that take long?"

"When do you plan to go?"

"As soon as possible."

"Alone?"

"Yes. I'm very tired and—"

"You just said that. No need to repeat it. If that's the only reason you want to give me, then it's enough. The power of attorney is merely a matter of your signature to a form. There will be other papers, though. How long do you expect to be gone?"

"Three months. Pour. I can't say."

"I see." Slowly, he added, "How does Boyd feel about your leaving him for an indefinite period?"

"Oh, that's all right." She glanced towards the spiralling bonfire smoke. "He doesn't mind."

"Did you tell him you're giving me power of attorney?"

"No. No, why should I? You always managed my affairs."

"Then tell him, please. This is the first time you two have been separated. Some matter may turn up that has to be discussed with Boyd. You can see I don't want to be placed in the position of having him think I put anything over on him."

"If you insist, of course—I'll tell him."

"Have you booked a passage?"

"I telephoned a travel bureau. A boat is sailing to-day week—I forgot the name. They made a tentative booking, but I may take a plane."

"I see," said Matt again. Emily knew he was seeing through her evasions. "Then we'll have to get things set. Come to my office tomorrow at four. I'll want Boyd there, too."

Emily turned to him again. "No. Matt—no, don't ask me to bring him."

Matt said, "I thought as much. Why don't you tell me, Emily—all of it?"

"I can't," she answered. "I can't—not yet."

Please turn to page 18



**Powerful drama  
of the sea and a  
Frenchman who  
exacted a strange  
vengeance from  
his conquerors.**

Boche again, and he was sad. He stood on the grassy slope of his home and saw the ship for France sail west, and he wept and patted the steel skin of the torpedo, again on its concrete posts.

Yes, Mike was an ornament by then. It had been fine sport for many years, but then it palled. And her mechanisms began to go wrong and LeFevre did not know what to do about them. The gear was all delicate and could not be replaced in the Sporades. There were more and more misses, and then the torpedo's engines ceased to function. So LeFevre returned her to the lawn.

He would sit out beside her during the bright evenings and look out across the sea. "Ah, monsieur, they fight again," LeFevre would murmur. "And you, what of you, do you wish you were back in some torpedo tube, eh? Aha, my child. I do not doubt it. And I make you this promise, if the Boche should ever show himself in these seas, old LeFevre will give you the chance to make up for your carelessness that first time . . . I will make you ready, just in case!"

It was just a bit of braggadocio and mild for a Frenchman at war with the Boche again. For the fact remained that Mike's inner workings were dead. She was incapable of any sort of sustained run through the sea. She was old, very old. There was really no life left in her except for the five hundred pounds of TNT in her warhead, which LeFevre had always kept safely locked, along with her pistol. That and MacPerson's craftsmanship, and LeFevre's tender care of her shell was all she had left.

Next day, LeFevre brought out the warhead and went to work on the torpedo. By nightfall he had finished the job.

The following day he hauled his small motor launch up on the railroad carriage where it fit into the sea, and under the hull he fashioned two metal brackets which he bolted into the keel of the boat itself.

It took some time after that to trundle the old torpedo down to the sea again and to slide her under the hull into the brackets. LeFevre then shifted her so that the warhead protruded out in front of the bow of the launch, though she would be invisible under water. This done, the weight balanced as well as possible, he screwed the torpedo to the brackets, and then roped it and wired it for additional strength. At last he screwed the pistol into the warhead, and the task was completed.

The launch was rolled down the track into the sea again. She was tied to a buoy in the cove and a red flag hoisted above her.

"You understand," Papa LeFevre told his sons, "this means nothing. Rien. It is only what we can do. Thus we are ready to strike a blow should God see it to lend us the opportunity."

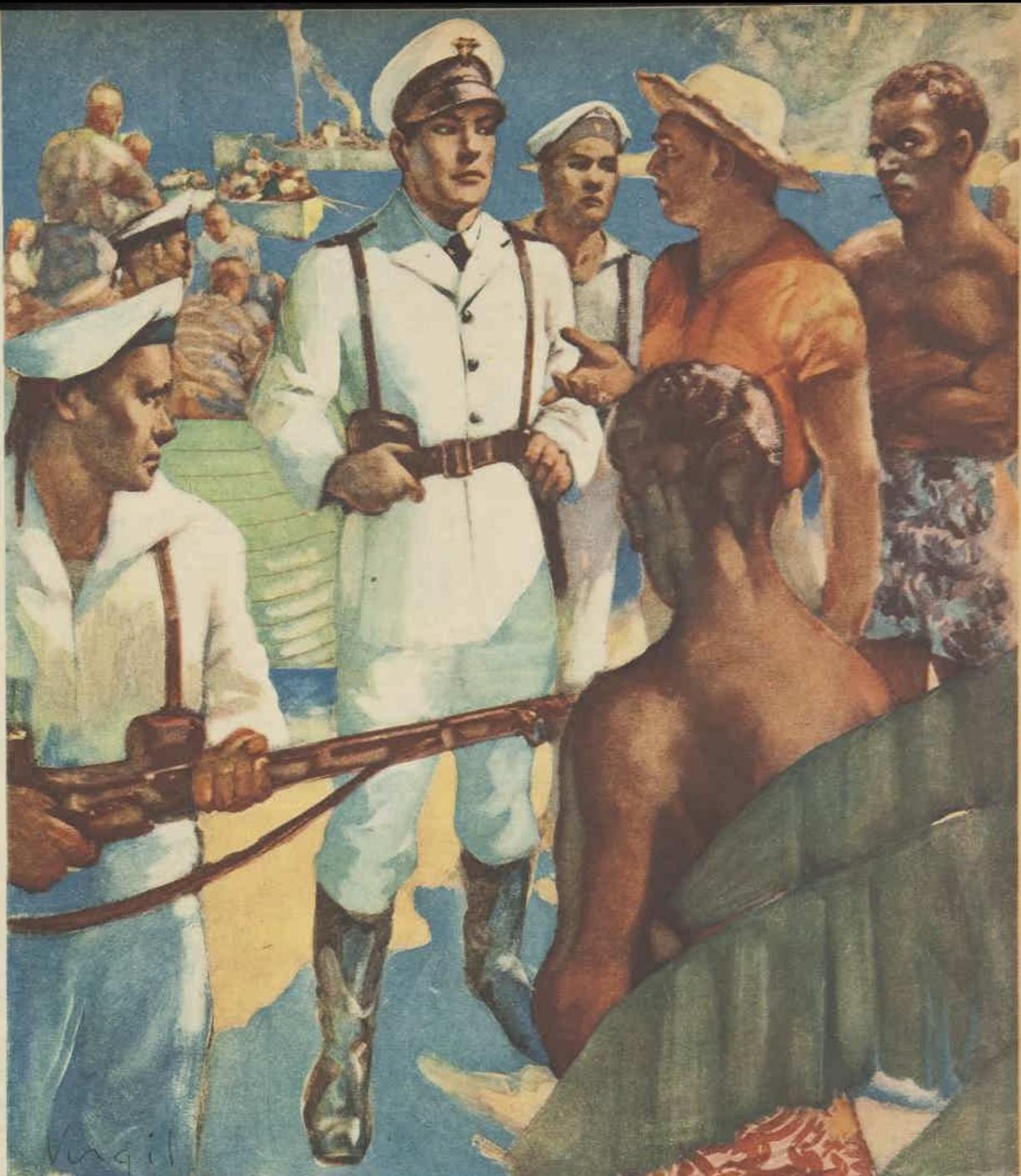
So Mike was in the sea once more, her steel shell feeling the coolness of it. It had been a long time. It had been longer since she had felt the weight of her warhead and the thread of her pistol.

The war continued, quietly enough. The radio told him that it was a phoney war. & when France fell suddenly, that spring the shock was terrific.

Then one morning the radio in Papeete announced that a German raider in the South Pacific had attacked the British merchantman Castle Wing. The Britisher had sent her "S.O.S." attacked by raider—and then gone silent.

A ship rose from the horizon in the dusk of the evening, two weeks later, flying a British flag. Papa LeFevre saw her come. He stood on the bluff where his house was located and he examined this ship with his binoculars. He saw the guns she mounted fore and aft and amidships. He watched her for a long time. She came up from the south-west. She was a big merchantman, and very fast, and she was obviously armed to the teeth.

LeFevre called his sons as the liner dropped anchor no more than half a mile off the shore, at the fringe of the sweeping cove. "Henri,



Sebastien, Pierre," he said, "look below and see yourselves a Boche, come to our little island of Bahri."

"But she is British."

"Non—she is Boche. My heart tells me."

"Will they shell us?"

"Non," said Papa LeFevre. "We are not worth the price of a shell. It is something else. I will go down and meet them. See, they are lowering boats to come ashore. Henri, you will warm up the engine of the launch. It is possible I will be using the boat."

"Yes, Papa," Henri said.

She was truly German. For by the time LeFevre had descended to the shore the Nazi swastikas had unfurled from her mast, and there were four boats coming ashore. He was on the beach when they landed. They were manned by nondescript men in tattered clothes, by some women looking as tired and uncomely as women should not, and by German seamen and officers.

The officer in charge, a Lieutenant Busher, saluted and introduced himself and said, "We deliver these prisoners into your care, Frenchman."

"But who are they?" asked LeFevre. "And why do you leave them ashore here? And who are you?"

"This is the German raider Togoland," said the officer. "These are prisoners of war which we have acquired from the numerous ships we have caught and sunk. The ship is becoming much too crowded and their demands for comfort and food

"I wish to protest to your captain," LeFevre said to the Nazi officer almost pleadingly.

much too numerous. So we are putting them ashore here, where, obviously, they will not starve."

"And you sail at once?"

"In time, in time," said the officer. "You have fresh water and food, no doubt. We will want much of both. Any attempt at resistance and we will shell this place to splinters. You will take these people to your place and my men and I will reconnoitree to assure ourselves of the safety of this island. It is Bahri?"

"Out!" said LeFevre. "And I make a protest. I wish to protest to your captain."

"Excellent," said the officer. "Swim out."

"I have a launch," said LeFevre.

"I will go out and protest."

"That will avail nothing."

"Then I will barter with him. If he will give me tobacco, I will show him a storehouse of fresh foods that will more than replenish his wants. Including fresh pork."

"Good. In the morning we will come ashore for your stocks. Do you have a wireless?"

"No."

The officer smiled. "We will see for ourselves. I do not trust you."

They saw for themselves and then returned to the ship. The darkness had fallen swiftly, there was no moon, only starlight. From the beach, LeFevre could see the blacker bulk of the raider against the black

sea. He had Sebastien and Pierre take the freed prisoners up the bluff to the house, while he himself whistled at Henri. Soon the launch appeared off the beach. LeFevre waded into the shallow surf and swam out to the launch. Henri drifted, powerless, until his father had climbed aboard. Then they started the engine once more.

"You will go ashore, mon enfant," said Papa LeFevre.

"I would stay with you, Papa," said Henri.

"Good, then. We will put her on the course and go over the side. She has always been true to her rudder. We will give her not too much power so there will be little torque. Let us go then." He started the engine and headed out towards the raider. When the bow was on the raider's beam, he lashed the helm and let the boat steer herself. They stayed a minute or so to see how true she was. Her course, slow with the weight of the torpedo, did not vary at all.

"Overboard," said Papa LeFevre. "Now it is up to the old one, may she not be cheated again."

He and his son went over the side. They swam furiously back to the beach, and they reached it before anything happened. LeFevre stood there, wet, and wondered fear in his heart, what had gone wrong. The TNT perhaps? Too old to detonate?

The torpedo, cradled in the brackets, sat quite firm and comfortably. It was twenty-two years since she had last made a track to the target with warhead. She did not move with half the speed she had once generated herself.

She moved on the track steadily, slowly, towards the target. No skittering this time, no standing on her tail. No traitor's hand to change her depth-setting gear. The hand of LeFevre had set her depth, fixed it, no change. The hand of MacPerson was waiting to be gratified, dead though it was.

The big ship loomed close, only a hundred yards away. There was so much of her when you got close . . .

From the shore, Papa LeFevre saw the bolt of fire which cut the night in two. He felt the wave of concussion which came across the waters, and then he heard the tremendous thunder of the explosion while a ball of smoke shot skyward, bright, plainly visible, like a waterspout.

His son, Henri, shivering with excitement, clung to him, teeth chattering, whispering over and over, "Ma foi, ma foi . . ."

And finally, when the night was still again, and flames began to lick up from inside the foundering vessel, Papa LeFevre said, "It is all over, and she is finished."

He cleared his throat and stood erect. "Well done, old one . . . For as torpedoes go, my son, she lived to a very ripe old age."

(Copyright)

**K**ENNEDY peered at the other through his glasses.

"You know, Johnnie, although we've been friends for thirty years I sometimes wonder if I really know you."

Murdoch, busy with the fire, did not answer.

After tea they sat on the verandah, talking desultorily, and as the sun dipped from sight a chill silence settled on the mountain. Kennedy shivered a little, and Murdoch knocked the ashes from his pipe and stood up.

"Let's go for a walk," he said.

Kennedy was talkative at first, but already ready to fall in with other people's moods; he soon fell as silent as his companion. Murdoch strode along staring straight ahead, his pipe clamped between his locked jaws. The light began to fail, the keen mountain wind freshened, and Kennedy shivered again.

"Perhaps we'd better turn back," he suggested presently.

Murdoch strode on.

"Plenty of time," he said, between his teeth.

"It's getting misty," Kennedy said.

"All right. Let's go as far as that ledge and then we'll turn back."

They stopped at the ledge, the ledge falling away suddenly beneath them.

Kennedy sucked in his breath sharply.

"Come and look," said Murdoch. "It's a terrific drop."

Kennedy nervously approached the edge and peered into the cruel depths.

"Heavens!" he whispered. "It makes me sick to look at it."

"It's a long way down," Murdoch said evenly. And Kennedy, drawn by some horrible fascination, edged past him. And suddenly the full fury of Murdoch's pent-up hatred blazed red in his eyes. He crouched and took a quick furtive step forward, and as Kennedy, warned by some instinct, spun round he shoved

him violently. Kennedy screamed and flung out clawing hands, gripping the other's coat. Murdoch tore his coat free and struck him between the eyes and Kennedy went reeling backwards.

Murdoch leaned over the edge, staring down into the depths, listening. Then he straightened and breathed deeply. He knew no remorse, only a profound sense of satisfaction. He had beaten Kennedy at last. Kennedy, who night and day had tortured him almost to madness, who had stood between him and everything he most desired, was dead.

But before he died he knew how Murdoch hated him. Murdoch had seen it dawn incredulously in his eyes in that brief moment before he went hurtling over the edge. He was glad Kennedy had known. It made his vengeance complete.

He turned away and walked back in the gathering darkness.

Back in his cottage he lit the lamp and gulped down some whisky, and after pouring himself another drink he put the bottle resolutely away. He needed all his faculties now. He must keep a clear head and a steady nerve for his next move. But there was plenty of time yet. He sank into an old leather armchair and allowed himself the luxury of reflection.

He had committed the perfect murder, and although it had taken years of patient work it was childishly simple. He had left no loopholes, no loose ends, no tell-tale clues. No one could possibly suspect him. That was where he had been so clever. There was no motive. Actually there was the strongest motive in the world—blind, overwhelming hatred; but no one knew it, not even Kennedy himself, until just before he died. Yes, he had been very clever and patient and cunning. And Kennedy was dead. But even now it was difficult to believe.

He did not go to bed because he

must look tired in the morning. There was a big role to play soon, and it must be played convincingly.

As dawn broke he rose stiffly and lit the spirit stove, and after drinking some scalding hot coffee he drove a few miles to a homestead and asked permission to use the telephone. Then he returned to the cottage and waited.

The time dragged and presently growing restless, he went outside and from his eminence surveyed the road which slipped away into the valley below. He paced up and down, constantly pausing to scan the distance, and soon he saw a far-away speck creeping up the mountain road. He drew a deep breath. The police would be there in less than a quarter of an hour.

He went inside the cottage and critically examined his reflection in a mirror. His unshaven face and his eyes, bleared from loss of sleep, satisfied him that he looked sufficiently unkempt for the part he was to play. He ruffled his hair with a grim smile, and fiddled with the buttons on his coat. And suddenly his heart stood still.

For a moment he stood stunned, staring back at his white, shocked face in the mirror, cold beads of sweat breaking out on his brow. With a tremendous effort he fought down a rising panic and forced himself to think.

H e recalled his last moments with Kennedy, how he had pushed him and how Kennedy, wheeling suddenly, had caught hold of his coat with his desperately clawing hands; and he recollects the violence with which he had torn his coat from Kennedy's grasp before sending him flying over the edge. And now Kennedy lay stiff and dead, clutching in his rigid hand the button that was missing from his murderer's coat.

Murdoch gnawed at his nails and cursed crazily. Panic seized him. The police would find the button in Kennedy's hand. It was an unusual button of braided leather, and it would not take them long to discover that it matched those on Murdoch's sports coat. The rest was simple deduction. The police weren't fools.

The sound of an approaching car brought him to his feet, and with a thumping heart he went to the door. The car drew up and a big man alighted and came towards him.

Murdoch knew the detective and he forced a twisted smile.

"You look all in, Mr. Murdoch. Suppose you tell me just what happened," the detective said.

Murdoch flung himself wearily into a chair, and spoke mechanically.

"We came up here for the weekend. Last night just after sundown Peter—Mr. Kennedy—went for a walk. I felt rather tired after the journey and I stayed home. I didn't realise how late it was until it grew dark. Then I suddenly remembered that Peter hadn't returned. I was a little worried, because, although he often went off on his own, he always got back before dark. I decided to go out and meet him. I walked some distance without finding him, and, thinking I had missed him, I turned back. He still hadn't returned. Peter had absolutely no sense of direction, and I knew he must have got bushed. I was distracted by this time, and I went out again, taking a torch with me."

"I walked miles, shouting at the top of my voice and waving the torch, but there wasn't a sign of him. I searched until dawn, and then I made for the nearest telephone and rang you." He paused and stared at the detective. "If anything has happened to him I shall never forgive myself. Heavens! This is driving me crazy. He may be lying out there with a broken leg, dying of thirst—anything. We've got to find him."

The detective stood up. "We'll find him, all right. I have a couple of good men with me. We'll get busy right away. You lie off for a bit. You look done in."

The detective went out, and Murdoch slumped in his chair.

A sick fear assailed him, and his eyes flickered and darted like a hunted thing. He felt the net closing about him, and again he surrendered to panic.

Had they found the body yet? Had they found what Kennedy held in his stiffly clenched hand? Had

Continued from page 3

the detective recognised it? He started as he heard someone approaching, and he searched the detective's face with hot anxious eyes as he entered the room.

The detective regarded him steadily.

"I'm afraid I have bad news, Mr. Murdoch."

Murdoch gripped the arms of his chair.

"What happened?" he asked hoarsely.

"We found him at the bottom of a deep gorge. A hundred foot sheer drop. He hadn't a chance."

"I can't believe it," Murdoch said. He paused and swallowed. "Have you—did you go down to him?"

"We lowered Johnson with a rope. He'll be back presently. I came on ahead to let you know."

"I see."

Murdoch got up and stared out of the window, and presently heavy footsteps approached the back door.

"Ah, here's Johnson now," said the detective. "Come in here, Bert."

Murdoch, his hands tightly clenched, afraid that he might betray himself under that disconcerting inspection, crossed to the cupboard and brought out a bottle of whisky.

"I'm sure you can do with a drink, gentlemen. I'm afraid I'm a poor host, but this—this has rather knocked me." He turned away abruptly. "Please help yourselves."

"You had better have one too, Mr. Murdoch," said the detective.

"No—not for me."

Murdoch sat down and furtively watched Johnson gulping down his drink, and he wondered desperately what the man knew. The policeman turned his head quickly and their eyes met.

"Have another drink," said Murdoch.

Johnson shook his head and put down his glass and stood waiting. He began fiddling with something in his hand. Murdoch watched him, fascinated, a cold fear in his heart because even before he saw what was in the policeman's hand he knew that it was the button.

"He won't be wanting that again."

"It looks like the one off his coat. I picked it up outside the door when I came in a few minutes ago."

"I was going to give it to him, but I didn't like to bother him with a trivial thing like that."

Johnson laid the button on the table and sighed.

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## Movie World

### Films of escape

By JOAN McLEOD  
in Hollywood

THE current wartime trend towards escapist entertainment seems to be following three main trends this year: biographies, musicals, and horror films.

One of the main features of the new programmes—and put it down to the war if you like—is that Hollywood is concentrating on the life stories of famous women.

Twentieth Century-Fox's "Belle Starr" casts blonde Gene Tierney as a petticoated terror of the 'seventies and 'eighties, a kind of Robin Hood outlaw who fought against the North in Arkansas.

Another sultry movie belle, Rita Hayworth, has signed to enact the life story of that dazzling Ziegfeld star, the late Marilyn Miller.

Catering for popular taste, musicals from now on will be packed with chorus girls, be as often as possible in technicolor, and have plenty of comedy. Favorite comedians like Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Abbott and Costello are working overtime on musicals.

And then there are the horror films—really creepy ones, like Universal's "Wolf Man" and "The Mad Doctor of Market Street"—reaching a new high in a super chiller called "Wolf Man Meets Frankenstein." And in this film Lon Chaney, junior, reaches the peak of his career, for he is to portray the two monsters.

\* SCENES from 20th Century-Fox's technicolor adventure, "Belle Starr." Above: Gene Tierney as Belle Starr, with Randolph Scott as Sam, her husband. Right: Gene with John Sheppard as her brother.



## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Dismiss unsightly hairs with the aid of "VANIX." First obtain a bottle of "VANIX" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications, the hairs will become less noticeable, then gradually wither as the

### "VANIX"

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair follicles until the devitalizing effect of "VANIX" reaches the hairs permanently. "VANIX" is a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., and is obtainable at \$1.11 a bottle (postage 1/-) from Hallam Pty. Ltd., 219 George Street, Sydney, and all 22 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Lt. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 200 Edward St., Brisbane; and Birch Chemists Ltd., 10 Rundle St., Adelaide.

## Comedy adventure with Bob Hope



1 BRITISH AGENT Karen (Madeleine) begs Larry (Hope) to aid her evade spies.

2 FOR SAFETY Karen plants on unsuspecting Larry brooch containing secret orders for bomber convoy but watchful Nazis surround Larry on Chicago train.

3 ESCAPING, Larry and Karen take brooch to British agent, but he is slain.



4 TRAPPED in agent's office by Nazis, pair stage fight to attract police.



5 POLICE ARRIVE, escort them to safety of gaol, but release them when they enact saccharine reconciliation. To prevent their contacting British agent in Los Angeles, Nazis inform police Larry is Chicago murderer, thus forcing the pair into hiding.



6 SHANGHAI TRUCKS and planes, pair head for California, Larry even posing as health lecturer at high school on way.

7 FINDING Nazi agents in possession of British headquarters in California, Larry pretends to swallow fateful brooch.



Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Whitney



8 ELUDING spies again, Larry is rushed to airport, fearfully protesting he never swallowed brooch at all.

## MADELEINE CO-STARS

BOB HOPE'S latest Paramount comedy, "My Favorite Blonde," mixes laughter with thrills in a light-hearted tale of international intrigue. Madeleine Carroll is his co-star. Bob himself portrays an American vaudville man who becomes involved with British agent Madeleine Carroll, and helps her evade Nazi spies in a cross-country chase from New York to Hollywood. Their adventures are varied.

The Nazi spies are portrayed with varying menace by Gale Sondergaard, George Zucco, Victor Varconi, and Lionel Rogos.

In America, this lovely member of society is known as "dare-devil 'Liz' Whitney." She earned this title through her dare-devil riding and exciting beauty. She too is a devotee of the Pond's beauty ritual. She uses Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Used together, Pond's two creams keep skin flawlessly lovely, soft and smooth.

## Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests Prove New Shampoo's Glorifying Action

Clearly Prove 4 Amazing Advantages  
1. 33% more luster.  
2. Leaves hair silkier.  
3. Faster, safer perms.  
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.

Thrill to see your hair glorified by this amazing new shampoo — proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

UNIQUE "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam, the other with soap or powder shampoo—gave amazing results: 1. Hair washed with Colinated foam was up to 33% more lustrous. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Retained natural curl. 4. Took better "perms," faster. Not a soap, not an oil, this new Colinated foam can't make that



Shows thrilling difference: LEFT: Soap-washed side—dull, lifeless. RIGHT: Colinated side. Hair like silk.

gummy, unrinsable "scum" of alkaline soaps and powder shampoos. Leaves hair silky—soft and glistening, and twice as thrilling. Washes away completely all dirt, grease and loose dandruff.

Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo. (Economical, too, because it costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

### £1000 FOR A NOVEL

That is what The Australian Women's Weekly is offering in its great

### £2000 Fiction Contest

Entries for the serial section of the contest close on

Sept. 30, 1942



• Alan Ladd was discovered by Paramount this year, but went into the Army two months ago.



• Over draft age, Thomas Mitchell is typical of the character actors who will combat the talent shortage by taking the lead in special stories designed for older men. Studios are rushing to give long and binding contracts to middle-aged men like Walter Brennan, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Roland Young, Otto Kruger, Edward Arnold, who have been happily free-lancing for years.



## Coping with shortage of men

BY the end of this month 50 per cent. of Hollywood's acting talent will be in the armed forces.

To-day every major studio is devising ways of coping with its acute and growing shortage of leading men.

Talent-pools are being established. Character actors are being changed into stars. And the extra ranks are being combed for the great names of the past.

Among the character actors to take leading roles in stories featuring older men is Thomas Mitchell.

The old silent stars are coming back, too. Charles Ray has a Metro contract and an important role in "Random Harvest."

Monogram is starring H. B. Warner and William Farnum again in prominence at Universal. Columbus has Herbert Rawlinson, Maurice Costello, old comedian Chester Conklin, and Monte Blue. Canny Warner Bros. has main-

From  
VIOLA  
MACDONALD  
in Hollywood

tained a stock company of old stars for the past two years. They include Creighton Hale, Donald Keith (who was Colleen Moore's leading man);

Frank Mayo, who co-starred with Anita Stewart; comedian Hank Mann, Leo White, and Tom Wilson (who had a lead in "Birth of a Nation").

Various studios will pool talent, lending available actors to each other for specific tales.

Actors affected by this plan will include those married men with large families or those with dependent relatives, who are unlikely to be called up—actors like Don Ameche and Bing Crosby, who each have four children; and Dennis Morgan, father of three.

Other players, many with unnoticeable physical defects, will have to continue their work, despite the fact that all are anxious to serve their country.

As in Britain, America will be able to some extent to make pictures starring army, navy, and air force actors who have been granted special leave. Only last week it was announced that Robert Coote will leave the R.C.A.F. for a couple of weeks to appear in "Commandos."

Several prominent executives hope to combat the talent shortage by signing up new personalities.

"We hope to meet the problem as it arises by substituting new talent now being groomed, and as yet undiscovered," said genial C. W. Koerner, production head of RKO.

The president of the Motion Picture Producers' Association, Mr. Frank Freeman, said to me: "Though we have a tough problem facing the leading-men shortage, we have faced tough problems before."

"Everyone in this industry realises," Mr. Freeman concluded, "that our first job is to win the war!"

### THEY'RE IN THE FORCES NOW . . .

HOLLYWOOD actors who have already gone into the Navy, Army, or Air Force include:

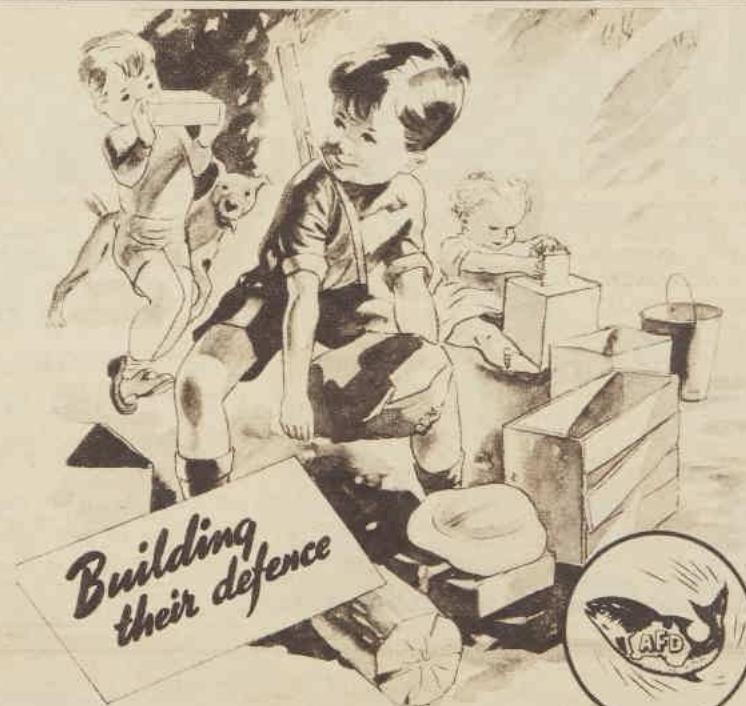
Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Gene Autry, Victor Mature, George Montgomery, John Payne, Robert Stack, Tim Holt, George Brent, Louis Hayward.

William Holden, Ronald Reagan, John Loder, Gene Raymond, Jeffrey Lynn, Buddy Rogers, Gilbert Roland, Burgess Meredith, Richard Denning, Jackie Coogan, Wayne Morris, Stirling Hayden, Melvyn Douglas.

Robert Montgomery, James Stewart, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., George O'Brien, David Niven, Richard Greene.

Cary Grant, Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, and Robert Taylor should have joined up when you read this.

For Film Reviews and special movie cable from Hollywood see page 19.



Resistance to measles, whooping cough, flu, colds, and the many other epidemics to which children are so prone, cannot be left to the little one's natural resistance. It is the duty of every mother to fortify her children against these ills with the aid of nutritional tonics containing Scomol—a new highly concentrated source of the protective and body-building vitamins A and D. Every gramme of Scomol contains 1,000 international units of vitamin A, and 100 international units of vitamin D. It is foolish to wait till your children are out-growing their strength, or worse, suffering some needless complaint. Consult your chemist and he will recommend "Scomol fortified" emulsions and malt extracts to forestall the incidence of seasonal ills and as a restorative after sickness.

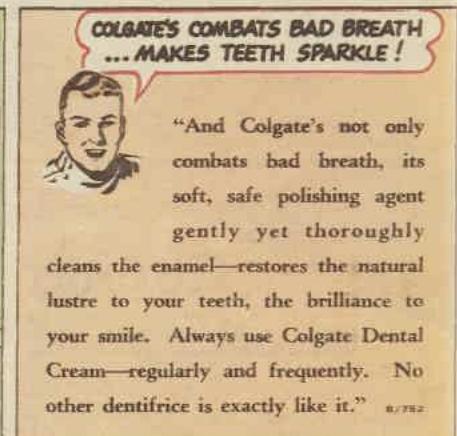
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AUSTRALIAN FISH DERIVATIVES Pty. Ltd., 6-8 City Rd., St. Kilda, Melbourne. Distributing Agents: Collin & Co. Pty. Ltd., your State.

**'SCOMOL'**  
**OLEUM VITAMINATUM B.P.**

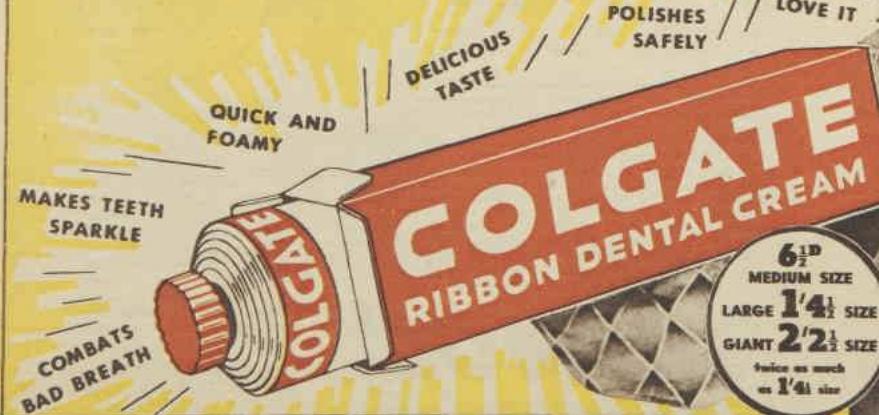
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# IT'S THEIR LAST KISS BUT DON DOESN'T KNOW IT!

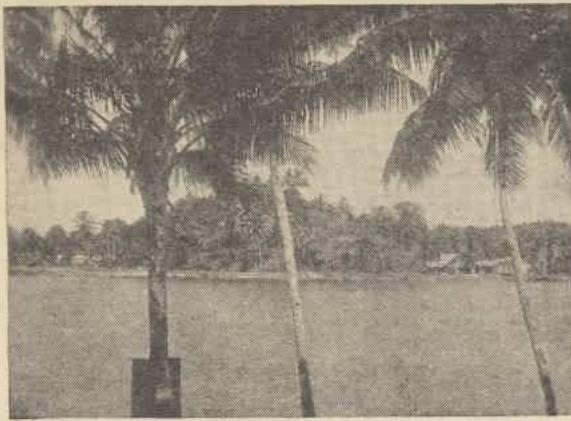


**Play Safe!**  
TWICE A DAY—  
AND BEFORE EVERY  
DATE—USE COLGATE  
DENTAL CREAM

Compare the size of the Colgate tube (not the carton) with others. Prove that Colgate Dental Cream gives you the best value.



# Solomons battle rages round her island home



HARBOR AT FAISI, in the Solomon Islands. Mrs. Clara Scott, then a little girl, raised the British flag at Faisi when it became part of the British protectorate by treaty with Germany in 1900.

## Hopes to unfurl the flag again when Japs are thrown out

By DOROTHY DRAIN

"All my life I have lived in the Solomons on a peaceful island paradise. Now they are the centre of our first offensive thrust in the Pacific."

"How I look forward to victory! I pray that I may go back and raise the British flag again as I raised it on the island of Faisi in 1900 when the Solomons first became a British protectorate."

In these words Mrs. Clara Scott, one of the best-known identities of the Solomon Islands, now a worker in a Sydney woollen mill, voiced her hopes for victory in the vital Pacific battle that means so much to Australia.

To her victory will mean a return to the colorful South Sea Islands, which have been her home all through her life, to the simple native people whom she loves.

HER mother was given Faisi as a wedding present by her brother, the late Jack Macdonald, son of Captain John Macdonald, a Pacific Islands pioneer. Mrs. Scott raised the flag when with other islands Faisi was included in the British protectorate by treaty with Germany.

As a young girl of 18, after her father's death, Mrs. Scott managed her own plantation, the little island of Orlofe, near Faisi, and set up as an island trader.

"I bought copra from the natives and sold it," she said. "When I left boarding-school in Sydney at 16 I had my brother to help me for a while, but he died not long after.

"I had been brought up on the islands, and I soon learned the ropes.

"We all hated leaving our native when the Japs came," said Mrs. Scott. "We felt we were letting them down, for they had come to rely on us."

"In fact, at first I wouldn't leave. I had 'gone bush' with the servants, the piccaninnies, and the pets, and the boys had built me a hut inland.

"I thought I would be safe there. But by January 23 the Japanese had taken Kieta, only 75 miles away. Jap planes were over night and day on reconnaissance. Two days after Kieta was occupied I received a Government message ordering me to leave."

"It was then only five minutes before the time I was to be at the beach, three miles distant by canoe. But I thought I had better obey the order, and the launch had waited.

"We didn't wake the piccaninnies. They would have all cried, and I would never have got away. I hated leaving them."

"I hated leaving my pets, too, cats, and dogs, and a half-wild red pig called Beauty, who used to follow me all round the place."

"I told the natives to be sure to get the fowls from Tau-al, and eat them and whatever livestock they could before the Japanese could get them, but they said they couldn't eat Beauty!"

"My married native girl grabbed a suitcase for me. I had packed up some things for the bush and thought it contained clothes. When we reached Tulagi a week later I



SLIPWAY at Tulagi. Mrs. Scott was aboard one of five small launches which crept into Tulagi to await an Australia-bound ship while Jap planes flew overhead.

discovered I had no clothes at all. It was the wrong case."

"We escaped the Japs at Faisi by a matter of hours."

"From Faisi we travelled in a small launch over 100 miles of open sea to Gizo. The only two women there had gone on before, and we were told to go to Marovo Lagoon and stay at Batuna, the Seventh Day Adventist Mission station."

"Hiding by day and travelling by night we went on to Ysabel, but found we had to return to Batuna."

"At Batuna five little launches had congregated, and we all put out together for Tulagi, where we were ordered to Makambo, an island close at hand."

"We were barely ashore at Makambo when the Japs bombed Tulagi. Fortunately they missed their objectives every time, although they hit a house near the wireless station."

### Raid camouflage

WE had our boats pulled into the mangroves. I was lying flat in a duckhouse with a district officer's wife. For some reason, although we were both terrified, we could not help giggling. It seemed so silly to be lying there while our native boys were anxiously covering us with banana leaves in a camouflage endeavor.

"One old lady sat on the launch all the time. Everybody else had taken shelter. From minute to minute we couldn't tell whether the planes would bomb the launches."



SCENE AT TETIFARI, typical glimpse of the Solomon Islands, where the great battle has raged over the past week. Inset, Mrs. Clara Scott, one of the best-known identities of the islands.

Gusie, had twins about a month before I left, and called them David and Betty. Another girl I brought up, Ethel, accompanied me to Australia on two holidays in former years.

Her unofficial family, too, is further enlarged by the fact that native chiefs call her variously "niece," "daughter," or "sister."

She is also well known for her skill as a navigator. Old hands in the Solomons say that she can handle anything from a native canoe to a schooner.

Often with only the 14-year-old Michael for a companion she has sailed 25 miles by canoe. She knew the reefs around the Shortlands as well as city people know the pavements of their own streets.

She recalls how, when she was a small child, no supply ship called for a year. One had been wrecked, and it was months before this was known.

"My father and uncle were away in the western islands, and for months my mother and my sister and I lived on native food—bananas and fish."

The natives in the Solomons still talk affectionately of Mrs. Scott's grandfather, Captain Macdonald, a Scottish-American.

"He took up thousands of acres in the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and the Solomons," she said. "He had a craze for gold, but he was never lucky enough to strike it. Not being a wealthy man he had to let a lot of his property go. Most of it is owned now by trading companies."

"My grandmother eloped with him from boarding-school in Melbourne. My mother married a Mr. Austen, who was shipwrecked from a schooner which was collecting indentured Kanak labor for Queensland. They came to Queensland to be married, but when I was 18 months old we returned to the islands."

"We had a lot of ups and downs. The depression hit us badly, and for the 12 months before we left the bottom had fallen out of copra. But there was plenty of food, and I could have lived there happily for the rest of my life. Some day perhaps I can take up the threads again."

# Editorial

AUGUST 22, 1942.

## NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

NEXT week's Australian Women's Weekly is a bumper fiction issue, crammed full of good stories, including a complete lift-out mystery novel.

*It is a special number which was printed some time ago when an emergency seemed imminent in this country.*

The handling and distribution of over half-a-million copies of our paper is a big job for the transport facilities.

By preparing an emergency issue and distributing it to centres all over Australia we ensured that if at any time the war situation put a strain on transport The Australian Women's Weekly would still be within reach of its readers.

*Naturally, the newsprint and manpower involved in the production of the special issue cannot be wasted, and we are happy indeed to be able to present this fine fiction number under normal conditions.*

Meanwhile, since nowadays the national motto is preparedness for anything, another special emergency issue has been prepared which we hope will also be given to you later in the same happy circumstances.

Next week's paper gives you a satisfying blend of romance and adventure.

There is also a spread of really lovely film star studies in color, a special cooking feature and a page of patterns.

You will miss from it, of course, the last-minute news and several other features which you look forward to in our regular issues.

*You'll find those again the following week as usual.*

Meanwhile, order your special fiction issue now. It's too good to miss.

—THE EDITOR.



DRIVER FRED TEGART and a comrade with a mosquito poster from their mess in the Middle East.



SINGING round the "squeeze box" somewhere in Australia. Left to right: Sgt. Newell, Pte. "Spec" Anderson, Pte. "Scotty" Bladen, Pte. Bates, Pte. "Muss" Moffatt, Sgt. L. Chadwick.

## Interesting People



MAJOR-GEN. D. EISENHOWER  
U.S. Forces

RECENTLY arrived in England as commander of U.S. Forces in the European theatre of war. Major-General Dwight Eisenhower was aide to General Douglas MacArthur when General MacArthur was military adviser to the Philippine Commonwealth. Before his present command was head of U.S. General Staff's operations division in Washington.



MISS ELLEN DAVIDSON  
Peace Officer

ONE of Australia's best-known policewomen, Miss Ellen Davidson, who had retired after 22 years' service, is back on duty on wartime job. Has been appointed Chief Commonwealth Woman Peace Officer, working mainly with girl munitioneers and training and directing of women police attached to munition factories.



MR. J. D. L. GADEN  
Civilian aid

HONORARY director Civilian Relief for N.S.W. Red Cross, Mr. J. D. L. Gaden is now, at request of National Emergency Services, organising a civilian inquiry bureau to deal with civilian air-raid casualty inquiries. Mr. Gaden is deputy chairman of N.S.W. Red Cross.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

# As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

**A**T this time of the year the sun moves on from the zodiacal sign Leo to that called Virgo.

This produces vital changes in the lives of many individuals, notably Taurians, for whom the difficult conditions of recent weeks give place to a period of good fortune and opportunities.

Others who benefit by the change are Capricornians, Virgoans, and, to a lesser degree, Cancerians and Scorpions. All these people should plan wisely, work hard, and seek advancements.

To Pisceans, however, there is danger that upsets will predominate, so that all risky ventures, actions or changes should be avoided.

Sagittarians also change from a helpful time to a difficult period of several weeks, while Geminians are likely to experience obstructions and a distressing inability to get things done satisfactorily.

## The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Strive to advance yourself this week, August 18 (from noon) and August 19 (around sunrise and midday hours) very fair. August 20 (from 9 to 11.15 a.m. and between 2 and 4 p.m.) good, but midday and late evening poor.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Present times difficult for most Taurians, but improvements very soon. Routine affairs best now, but plan ahead. Meanwhile August 23 (around sunrise and from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.) just fair.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): August 24 (around sunrise and afternoon) very fair for minor affairs. August 20 and 21 poor.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): August 18 (to noon) poor, but thereafter very fair. Also August 19 (from noon to 2 p.m.). August 22 (around sunrise and from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.) slightly adverse.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Be sure to utilise August 20, but only from 9 to 11 a.m. and from 2 to 4 p.m. August 21 (except mid-afternoon) fair.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Good times coming, so get routine work in hand and plan ahead. Meanwhile August 23 (around sunrise and from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.) just fair.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): August 20 (to 11 a.m.) fair, then adverse to 2 p.m., and fair again for minor affairs. August 23 (forenoon) poor.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Be on guard on August 18 (to noon) and August 19 (evening). August 21 poor. Avoid arguments, obstructions, worry, and upsets. Things improve soon, so caution will pay well.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Be sure to start new ventures or seek favors on August 20 (from 9 to 11 a.m. and from 1 to 4 p.m.). Hours between poor. August 21 (except afternoon) fair.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Get outstanding matters in hand and plan ahead for better times. Meanwhile August 18 (morning) poor, but thereafter helpful. Also August 19 (midday hours) and August 23 (from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.).

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): More pitfalls probable this week, so be wary. Things improve slightly soon. August 18 (to noon) and August 19 (evening) adverse; August 24 and 25 poor.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Not particularly helpful week, yet urgent matters should be attended to or allowed to wait for some time. August 18 (from noon to 9 p.m.) best period of week. August 19 (from noon to 2 p.m.) next best, then August 23 (from 10 a.m. to noon).

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological division of the zodiacal signs without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have established that  
**THE OCTOPUS:** Head of a gang of international spies which they have smashed, is alive and located at a big naval shipyard. While they are inspecting the yard a fire breaks out, but it is extinguished when

Lothar smashes down a large water tank on top of it. Suspecting incendiarism, Mandrake climbs a high scaffolding and confronts a workman whom he accuses of starting the fire and being a tool of The Octopus. Cornered, the man draws a revolver and tells the magician he will not live to tell anyone else.

NOW READ ON:



*THE MAGICIAN GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY--THE SCAFFOLDING SEEMS TO VANISH--THEY ARE STANDING IN SPACE!*



*TO BE CONTINUED...*

# WOMAN OF THE OUTBACK - wartime version



MRS. TOM MIDDLETON, who has made her home in the Never Never on a great wartime construction job.

THE MIDDLETON FAMILY HOME, sixty miles from the nearest town in Australia's vast inland.

## Happy family lives beside great war construction job

By a staff reporter who visited an Allied Works Council construction camp recently.

Sixty miles from the nearest town, on a great wartime construction job somewhere in the Never Never, former Brisbane suburbanite Mrs. Tom Middleton has "gone bush" with her engineer husband and two young children.

"IT'S my job of war work," said Mrs. Middleton. "When Tom took this job with the Allied Works Council I decided to go, too, and take the

family. It's a great life and I haven't regretted one minute of it.

"The war has made a tremendous difference to the outback," said Mrs. Middleton. "There is no great Australian loneliness any more for the women who follow their men on the job. Instead, we have companionship, activity, the feeling that we are doing our little bit towards winning the war."

"The camp cook is my chef, and works miracles with the menu, and with a husband and children to look after I have no time to get bored."

### Blanket country

"I'VE felt the heat more in Brisbane than here. Why, it's hot in the daytime—very hot, but this is blanket country at night."

"We use as many as four blankets," said Mrs. Middleton, "so if this is the parched inland I'm sorry I didn't know about it long ago."

There are no flies in Mrs. Middleton's home. Her "bungalow" of four rooms is screened on all sides, and a large entrance lobby is as cool as any southern home.

Dust is the great nuisance, the fine, sifted dust of the inland that floats in the air and descends on everything.

That's one of the grin-and-bear-it problems of the outback for which a cure has not been found.

But there's no dust on the spirit of the Mrs. Middletons of the inland. They are too bright and too busy to let it settle on their bodies or souls.

"If you are a 'home body' you can make these outback residences comfortable," said Mrs. Middleton, almost apologetically, in explaining the miracle of all mod. cons. in this place at the back o' beyond.

"Our house is of four rooms—a main bedroom, children's room, reception hall, and living-room. There is a built-in fireplace for the cold nights, and I have that great old standby of the bush, the packing-case, for furniture."

A cretonne-covered settee, a bookcase, and other articles of furniture are "box brand" in Mrs. Middleton's cosy living-room, but they are ser-



BARRY MIDDLETON, at five years old, shows that a tractor is better than any "sissy" toy.

vicable and nice looking, and perfectly right somehow.

The floors of the house are of ant-bed gravel, firm, hard and cool.

Wallaby and kangaroo skins are thrown on the floor. The "windows" give glimpses of blue sky across the far horizon.

Native churingas, or "totem poles," intricately carved, help the decor of this friendly room, and the voice of the wireless announcer saying "Here is the overseas news" makes one jump in surprise that one woman has made home so comfortable and cosy in what we southerners are apt to miscall "the desert of the inland."

Biscuits, scones, and cakes fresh from the cookhouse were served as Mrs. Middleton talked of housekeeping.

"Yes, we get a lot of tinned food, of course. Space on the lorries is very precious. But there is wild turkey in the bush, and kangaroo, to vary the menu."

Mrs. Middleton was a music-teacher before her marriage.

### Piano coming

"I MISS my piano more than anything, and I have high hopes of having one brought out soon. We will board the floor of one of the rooms to receive it. Earth floors would spoil the tone and play havoc with the feets."

Mrs. Middleton's eight-year-old daughter, Betty, is musical, and is looking forward to the arrival of the piano as much as her mother.

Five-year-old blue-eyed Barry isn't interested in anything "sissy" like that.

He's a real outdoor bloke.

At 8 o'clock he's out with the

construction gang, and sometimes does not return home until the men knock off at 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

With very little assistance he can drive a tractor, and knows the name and function of every bit of machinery about the camp, graders, ploughs, mixers, and the like.

Asked what he would like for his birthday, young Barry said, promptly:

"A dozen bolts for the old VS, and a new blade for the grader!"

One of the construction gang is Barry.

No meccano sets for him when he can sit in the huge road-grader and squint into the hard sunlight, busy road-making to "beat them Japs."

The children are taught by a correspondence school.

"Although it's very very far away, there's nothing impersonal about the teaching," said Mrs. Middleton. "The children's work carries friendly comment such as: 'Good work, Betty,' or, 'You've done better this time, Barry,' which cheers the youngsters immensely."

"They are making excellent progress in general subjects."

Clothes-rationing problems reach to this outpost of Australia.

Although the weather makes shirts and shorts practically a uniform for the men, Mrs. Middleton was more worried about her husband's clothes than her own.

"Will you take some coupons to the city for me?" she said. "Tom wants a couple of singlets very badly."

That request explains Mrs. Middleton and her outlook. She's fairly gone outback to look after Tom, and that message involving 2000 miles of travel was given with a charming nonchalance. But Tom hate to forget it.

Tom will get his singlets if I've got to interview the Rationing Commissioner personally about them.

## MAL VERCO and GINGER are ENTERTAINING...



**CELEBRITIES OF RADIO, STAGE, PRESS and SPORT in their brand new show "GINGER for DINNER" (with Jack Lumsdaine) 6-30 P.M. MON. to THURS. 2GB**

JACK LUMSDAINE introduces  
a new and lovely Singing Star

in

**"COFFEE"**

with

**JACK LUMSDAINE**

and

**HILDA FARNILO"**

**2GB**

MON., WED., FRID., 6.45 p.m.



# BOY MEETS GIRL—and both in uniform

Week-end parties at servicewomen's clubs



AT C.W.A. CLUB  
for Servicewomen  
Air raidwoman  
Clare McLean  
dances with A.B.  
Max Stevens.  
Parties for  
women and men  
of fighting forces  
are given every  
week-end.



SUPPER-TIME at National Defence League Centre for Servicewomen. Every Friday night girls and boys of services can have dinner and dance for the small charge of 1/- Centre is in Phillip Street, Sydney.



TAP DANCER. Lorraine Dawson provides vaudeville turn at Country Women's Association Club. Servicewomen can invite their friends to the informal week-end dances. Supper is served free of charge.



"MAY WE HAVE THIS DANCE?" say (from left) Jack Holder and Corporal Charles Brown to A.c.w. Frances Lord and Signallwoman Betty Dennis. Corporal Brown fought in Malayan campaign.



AROUND THE PIANO. A.c.w. Rex Wheeler plays for community singing at N.D.L. Centre, a favorite rendezvous for girls far from their own folk.



"BLESS 'EM ALL." Waaafs and Raafs sing their theme song at Friday night party at N.D.L. Centre. From left: L.a.c. Stan Parkes, A.c.w. Peggy Wright, Sergeant Bob Andrews, and A.c.w. Norma Allen.

## S

HE went to his office the following afternoon and signed the necessary papers. This was signing fins to her life with Boyd.

Matt asked, "Are you sure you want the break to be final, Emily?" "Yes." There was no hesitation. "This must be the end."

The following Wednesday, while she was packing, Colin Drew came to see her.

"Mrs. Carter, please excuse me." There was panic in the way he asked. "Might I have a few words with you?"

Emily tried to help him along. "You seem to be in trouble."

"Terrible trouble, Mrs. Carter. I wouldn't be here otherwise. I don't know what to do." He swallowed hard. "It's about my wife and your husband."

She had known this was coming. "I'm afraid—I don't understand."

"About them? That's what I must tell you. We must do something. Mrs. Carter, it's so terrible," he repeated helplessly. "It's been going on almost a year." And then he told her what she already knew. Emily let him go through with it. When at last it was finished, she asked, "Why do you believe it? Do you want to?"

"All I want is to get Nora back. That's all I care about. We've got two children, Mrs. Carter."

"I know. For their sakes, forget this frightful story. It can't be true."

"It is, Mrs. Carter. When I asked Nora, she laughed and said it was true. She said, 'You think I'm sorry you know? I'm glad. You think I'm ashamed of loving him. I'm proud. What did you ever give me?' I told her I love her the best way I can, that I'm not handsome like him and haven't any money, but I love her. And she said, 'You think I care about his looks? Or his money? It's his wife's, anyway. He never bought me a present or gave me a cent!'

"But I know that isn't the truth, Mrs. Carter, because there's jewelry and silk stockings and lace things in her chest of drawers. She never has enough money to buy such things. Mrs. Carter, I can't stand it. She says if ever he tries to quit her she'll kill him and herself."

Emily went over and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Please try to be calm. We must both be calm or something dreadful will happen."

"Nora might better be dead." His stolid despair was more ominous than any threat. "I've got to do something," he kept muttering.

## Continuing . . . Last

from page 5

"I'll do something. Leave this to me, I promise you something will be done."

"She laughed at me. Nora laughed. So did the other woman."

"What other woman?" "A Mrs. Jackson. I never saw her before. She called me a terrible name and laughed."

"Was she the one who told you about my husband—?"

"She's the one. She said you and Mr. Carter put Mr. Payne up to investigating her. She said you're trying to run her out of town."

Emily's lips were dry. "It was hard to bring out the question she had to ask: 'Did Mrs. Jackson give you any letters?'"

Drew's scared watery eyes met hers. "How do you know?" "How many?"

"One—only one."

"Have you it with you?"

"No." "Then go home and burn the thing. Don't wait. Don't risk changing your mind."

"What'll I do about Nora? I can't let her go on meeting him."

"I think I can guarantee they won't meet. We must both be very careful, Mr. Drew." Now she would have to tell Matt the whole sordid story, let him handle this poor fellow. "You don't want an ugly mess that's bound to ruin your children's lives, do you?"

"I only want Nora back."

"Then do nothing until you hear from my lawyer, Matthew Sheridan. Make a note of his name. Tomorrow he'll get in touch with you."

"Mrs. Carter, you aren't going to let him make trouble for Nora? I came to you because I thought you loved your husband like I love her."

Emily looked down at the cringing, pathetic semblance of a man. No, she didn't love Boyd as he loved Nora. You had to be broken before you could love that way, without shame or pride or hope. "I don't want to hurt my husband any more than you want to hurt Nora. Isn't that enough? Won't you trust me?"

The tears dripped down his face. "I've got to—I don't know what else to do."

"And don't speak of this visit to your wife."

"I won't have a chance to. She told me she won't come home tonight." He shambled out.

The baggage was taken away. A little later Boyd came home. Then the phone rang.

There were three extensions: in

the study in her room, in the library. Emily picked up the receiver.

David's voice answered, then a woman's asking for Boyd. Then Boyd was talking. But she didn't hang up. Eavesdropping, she respect, decency—what did they matter? She had to find out why Nora Drew risked phoning him here.

The two of them talked for a long time. Boyd was arguing with Nora . . . "I'll come to the house if you won't meet me. I don't care who knows! Oh, Boyd—Boyd, don't you love me any more?"

"Don't be a fool. Where are you?"

His voice came steady, as if at this distance he could calm her . . . "In the drug store at your corner" . . . "Go home—go home at once and don't phone me again" . . . "I can't go home. I told Colin . . ."

"Well? What did you tell him?" "What I'm telling you. That I don't care . . . Nora, listen to me. Listen, will you? I can't meet you to-night. You're free to ask it. Emily knows—"

"I don't care who knows. If you don't come, I'll kill you—I'll kill myself."

Against reason, against caution, he was forced to give in. The woman always so pliable to his will, when it came to fear of losing him, was inexorable.

Emily listened as he started to give directions: An empty shack in the woods one mile beyond the Jackson place—a path from the foot of the hill . . . But Nora broke in, sobbing hysterically. "Colin has the car. Pick me up right away. If you don't, I—" . . . "Yes, yes."

Almost at once the front door banged. The headlights of Boyd's car glowed over the lawn as he swung round the curve from the garage. Was it imagination or in the deepening twilight did she actually see a man flattened against the trunk of the maple tree?

Nobody was there when she rushed out. It was growing darker, a cold, damp curtain of night. Standing there and coatless, she played a flashlight over the lawn. Now she was certain that a man had been under the maple and that it was Colin Drew.

She hurried indoors. "David, did you see Mr. Drew drive away?"

"He said he left his car in the street."

There was only a second's hesitation. "I won't be home until late. Neither will Mr. Carter." She started to go.

"Madam—your coat."

"Why, yes." She laughed. "Of course—how silly."

Emily stopped at the corner drug store. Boyd and Nora were gone.

She tore along the macadam road at sixty . . . Well, suppose Colin Drew did follow them. There wasn't a doubt Boyd meant to end the affair with Nora. He'd send her home with her husband. It might be a solution. Still—a broken man with the reasoning power of a child, could you guess what he might do?

One mile beyond the Jackson place—an empty shack—a path up the hill. The night was pitch black, and as she turned into the narrow dirt road there were no street lamps. She had to slow down, feel her way. Here was the Jackson place. A quarter of a mile more . . . a half . . . three-quarters. Her headlights fell on a sleek car at the side of the road, its lamps out, a dark blot against the tree trunks.

Boyd's. She took her torch and searched for a path. There was none. Evidently they had gone the last quarter on foot.

She drove on, then stopped. The path could plainly be seen, a wagon road no longer in use. No sign of Drew's car—at least she was in time. She got out and started up the hill.

Now a clearing was just ahead and the circle of light brought from the darkness the roof-line of a small square building that looked like a shed.

Emily drew nearer. The quiet was so intense it seemed to shriek. Then, as she got close to the shack, she heard voices. Boyd's and Nora's. Voices mingling. Murmuring. For a bare breath her light played over the sagging door as she looked in. Emily stood furtively watching her husband embracing another woman.

She turned and ran. She lost the path, stumbling into the bushes, fighting her way through. Thorns

## Word

scratched her wrists, her face. She fled like one possessed . . .

As Emily finished her story, her gaze, steadily on Matt throughout its recital, veered away from him to the guard's shadow moving across the wall. "Now you know why I didn't tell you I followed them. I couldn't. Please believe me, Matt. You do believe me?"

"Dear—" he said, "Emily—my dear."

"Until I got back to the road, I didn't realise I'd lost the flashlight. When they found it outside the shack, and concluded Boyd must have dropped it there, I identified it as his. We always had several about the house . . ."

"When you got to where your car was, did you notice any other car parked near it?"

"No. But I think I passed one as I drove away. I can't be sure, though. I can't remember anything very clearly except that I had to get away from what I saw in the shack . . ." Her voice had a stricken, fatalistic note.

"It's so strange, Matt, how the truth can be twisted. Yesterday Colin's testimony that I told him he was to trust me, and I'd do something about Boyd and Nora, sounded so different from the way I said it. It sounded so awful when that girl Alice backed him up."

"Don't worry too much about your maid's testimony," Matt interrupted. "Servants who listen at keyholes never carry much weight with a jury."

"But she corroborated Colin Drew, repeated every word that passed between us. Besides, she saw me on the lawn with the flashlight, saw me drive away, even heard David remind me I was forgetting my coat. Those two, Alice and Nora's husband, make everything I said did and day look as if I planned to kill Boyd and Nora."

"Dear—please don't! Don't keep reviewing the prosecution's case. It's Nicholson's job to make each bit of testimony incriminating."

"That first letter the police found caught between the drawer and back of my chest, I was so sure I tore it up. Isn't it fate that Boyd wrote 'Wednesday night,' and they were killed on a Wednesday night? Isn't it fate that only Boyd could testify that the letters I bought from Minnie Jackson weren't the ones scattered in the shack round the bodies? "We can't put Boyd on the witness stand, and nobody else knows he burned them."

"Have you any idea why Boyd took his pistol that night? Do you think he might have suspected he was being watched?"

"Perhaps he was afraid—how can we be sure? You can't prove anything about dead people, Matt. Their secrets are buried. But I'm here—Fate isn't as kind to me. And I was running away from a crime—that's what it looks like, doesn't it? Running away—to South America . . ."

Matt was silent for a long time. He seemed to be waiting for the guard to pass again, for as the man's shadow was flung across the wall he called. "Guard, do me a favor. Take your flashlight and concentrate it on me, will you?"

The glare came full in his face. "Now throw it on Mrs. Carter." But he didn't look at Emily's white face with the light full on it; he studied the guard's above the glare. "Thanks," he said. Then almost inaudibly he muttered: "The last word's not yet been said."

When Emily came into court on Monday morning, and sat down at the counsel table, Matt whispered. "Chin up!"

She answered, "I'm all right. It's been easier since I told you everything."

Matt gave her his warm grip and went after Minnie Jackson's cross-examination. All day he put the witness through a deliberate, meticulous questioning on the evidence brought out on Saturday under Nicholson's suave guidance. You could see the woman was growing tired under the incessant questioning. Matt pinned her down to acknowledgment that she collected from both Emily and Boyd for the letters.

She contended that she had given one to Colin Drew because it was her duty to provide him with proof of his wife's infidelity.

Matt smiled in his most friendly manner. "Now, Mrs. Jackson, you have admitted finding"—his pause was slight but significant—"a col-

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Never mind the anaesthetic, doctor, I want to be able to tell my friends all the details."

lection of letters in the room occupied by Boyd Carter and Nora Drew on their visits to your house. Why did you not return those thirty letters to their rightful owner?"

Nicholson jumped up. "Objection. Your Honor! Defence counsel assumes there were thirty letters. He has presented no proof of the existence of more than twenty-one in the possession of the prisoner, and one in the possession of Colin Drew."

"If Your Honor will permit me to proceed," Matt suggested respectfully, "I can prove to the court's satisfaction that the eight letters in evidence as Exhibit B were never in the possession of Emily Carter."

Judge Higham bent forward. "Objection overruled. Proceed," he directed.

As if exchanging confidences, Matt asked, "Mrs. Jackson, you probably intended to return the whole lot to Nora Drew, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did." "And when she discovered she had lost them and asked if you had found them, what did you answer?"

Minnie was eager to justify herself. "I said she could have the lot. Then I got mad because she raised a fuss. She said I stole them."

"And did you then decide if you had the name you might as well have the game?"

Minnie slapped her leg. "That's it! I said I'd show her."

Matt quickened his pace. He went closer.

"So what did you decide to do to prove you were smarter than the Drew woman?"

Minnie grinned. "I gave the rest of the letters to Payne to show him I had the goods on Carter and the woman. I said, 'Now go and run those two out of town instead of me!'" Rocking with mirth, she chuckled, "And when Payne read them, was he sore?"

"You mean Alexander Payne?"

"Yes." Matt straightened, mopped his forehead as Nicholson approached the Bench. Let the prosecution yell itself hoarse! The point he had struggled for all day was gained.

Nicholson protested hotly. "Your Honor, defence counsel commits an outrage against decency when he drags into this case the esteemed name of Alexander Payne . . ."

"On the contrary. Your Honor, Matt came back, "the district attorney must admit that Alexander Payne was performing a valued duty to the community when he investigated the house of this witness. Therefore, the fact that, in the pursuit of this investigation, he became the possessor of some letters written by Boyd Carter cannot reflect on Mr. Payne's character."

"You're right," Matt agreed.

Matt advanced once more close to the witness stand. "When did you give Mr. Payne those letters?"

Minnie was evasive now. "I forgot."

"Oh, come, just give me an idea. Was it on Monday or Tuesday?"

"I forgot."

He let it go. "On Wednesday, October thirtieth, when Boyd Carter and Nora Drew were killed, at what hour were you in the woods?"

"After my supper—between half-past seven and eight."

"Was it very dark?"

"Black as your hat."

"Was it raining?"

"Just started."

"Did you know the exact spot where the shack was?"

Please turn to page 19

# Gable enlists as private in Air Corps

VIOLA MACDONALD'S Hollywood Cable

Turning down the job of major in the Morale Division, 41-year-old Clark Gable last week suddenly enlisted as private in the U.S. Army Air Corps.

In making this announcement the Army said that Gable had requested an assignment as aerial gunner. Although he has a pilot's licence he is too old for combat flying duties.

Gable's wife, Carole Lombard, died in an air-crash last January.

"I don't want to sell war bonds or pour pink tea. I want to be sent where the going is tough," Gable said on enlisting last week.

His film earnings have averaged more than £1600 a week. To-day, as Private Gable, he gets £15/12/6 a month.

The first thing Ann Dvorak knew about her husband's (Leslie Fenton) D.S.O. was when she got a telegram of congratulation from a friend. Ann opened the wire on the set at Denham, England, and the whole cast joined in the jubilation. Lieutenant Leslie Fenton, R.N.V.R., won his decoration in the St. Nazaire commando raid. He was wounded in the leg when the motor launch he commanded was sunk by Nazi shell-fire, and he is only now starting to walk again. His Hollywood friends—Fenton was a director here before he went to Britain—are expressing their delight in cables.

RITA HAYWORTH is sponsoring the film career of her thirteen-year-old cousin, Carmen Canaino.

JIMMY STEWART is now a fully-fledged war-pilot in a twin-engined bomber. And incidentally on a recent leave Jimmy turned down dates with any number of Hollywood beauties in order to quiete singer Dinah Shore.

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THE Dr. Kildare series has become the Dr. Gillespie series, Lionel Barrymore carrying on with his usual role as Gillespie.

In "Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant," three actors get their opportunity, all vying for the role of assistant in future films of the series. They are Van Johnson, Forrest McNally, and Chinese actor Keye Luke, who have parts in the film. Picturegoers thus will have a chance to decide who is the most suitable.

ENGLISH comedienne Gracie Fields signed a contract with MGM to appear in "The Man From Down Under." She will probably be co-starred with Charles Laughton instead of Wallace Beery, as was previously announced. The film is the story of an Australian war veteran who adopts two Belgian refugees children.

IN court this week Mischa Auer demanded the custody of his two children, Tony and Zoe, alleging that his wife, Norma Auer, is unfit to look after them. Mischa, who was divorced by Norma early last year, married actress Joyce Hunter nine months ago.

MISCHA AUER is used to own that property."

"When you were on your way to the woods, did you see a car parked about a quarter of a mile from your home?"

"I never noticed one."

"Oh, come, Mrs. Jackson, you're too smart not to notice everything that goes on in your neighborhood. How could you miss the headlights of a car?"

"There weren't no lights on the car."

"Then you did notice the car?"

"Well," snapped Minnie, "what of it?"

"Did you recognise the car immediately?"

"Sure! I seen it often enough."

"Whose was it?"

"Boyd Carter's."

"Did you notice anything peculiar?"

"No, nothing."

"Wasn't there a strong scent?"

"Scent?" She sniffed interrogatively.

"I mean the smell of a woman's perfume that you had smelled before."

Matt saw she was confused by her own admissions. He must restore confidence. "You're pretty familiar with women's perfumes, aren't you?" This she felt safe in answering. "Sure."

"Can you sniff out the woman by her smell?"

"Like a hunting hound."

"Did you sniff out Nora Drew's presence in that empty car?"

"Sure I did." Her jagged grin showed satisfaction in a good detection job.

"Had Nora and Carter been to your house since she accused you of stealing the letters?"

"No."

"So you had it on them when you found out they were in the woods together, didn't you?"

"I had it on the pair of them all right."

"Did you notify anybody where they were?"



ALLEN JENKINS is cutting his own piece of Joan Crawford's birthday cake on the set of Columbia's new comedy, "They All Kissed the Bride."

A DELAIDE-BORN Judith Anderson has signed to appear in Warners' "Edge of Darkness."

JEANETTE LOFF, silent screen beauty, was this week accidentally killed in a tragic way. She swallowed ammonia instead of a sleeping draught.

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A LICE FAYE, who retired from the screen to have her baby a year ago, is returning to star in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Baby Alice is now three months old. Her father is a orchestra-leader Phil Harris.

HERE is one of those novelty films about an invisible man. Clothes walk round without faces and hands; headless, handless bodies are seen drinking, and so on. The comedy is mildly amusing, the mystery vague and unimportant.

The story, unfolded in the courtroom, is told in flashback. Jeffrey Lynn playing a young man who is rendered invisible by injection given by Professor Edward Everett Horton. —Plaza; showing.

**THE BODY DISAPPEARS**

Jeffrey Lynn, Jane Wyman. (Warner Bros.)

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films about an invisible man. Clothes walk round without faces and hands; headless, handless bodies are seen drinking, and so on. The comedy is mildly amusing, the mystery vague and unimportant.

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**W**HEN you telephoned to Alexander Payne, were you sure he would meet you?"

"Yes."

Again her eyes turned to the gallery, but Matt hammered on relentlessly:

"Why were you sure? Come, answer me."

"Nora was his girl. She was double-crossing him."

"How do you know that?"

"He gave her all her jewellery and fine clothes."

"After you telephoned Payne, did you then meet him and show him the path to the shack?"

"Yes—I showed him, but I didn't go with him. I swear I didn't. I quit him at the wagon road."

"What time was that?"

"About nine o'clock."

"And did the shots you say you heard come after you showed him the way?"

"I—" She stopped short.

"Answer yes or no." Matt pounded.

"Yes." She rocked back and forth, her hands gripped together. "I didn't have nothing to do with it, I wasn't there."

"Were you near the shack when Boyd Carter and Nora Drew were shot?"

"Nowhere near. I swear, I help me!"

"Then were you lying when you testified you heard voices and the shots?"

Minnie caught hold of the chair arms, her bad leg thumping as she got heavily to her feet. "You—you—" she pointed to the gallery. "get me out of this! You swore if I said she did it I wouldn't get into trouble. You said I had to stand by you."

Guards rushed forward, but the woman could not be stopped. She shrieked wildly. "He killed them when Carter pulled his gun. He did it. I didn't have nothing to do with it. I swear, I help me!"

The mob craned necks and looked up to where she was pointing at Alexander Payne.

But Matt looked only at Emily.

(Copyright)

# Film Reviews

## ★★ BLUES IN THE NIGHT

(Week's Best Release)

Priscilla Lane, Betty Field. (Warner Bros.)

THIS odd, rather sombre film introduces a fine new actor to the screen — by name Richard Whorf, well known on Broadway.

Co-starred with Priscilla Lane and Betty Field, Whorf plays a young pianist who is secretly loved by Priscilla, but whose life is ruined by the selfish Betty.

The film was directed with realism by Anatol Litvak. Set to the throbbing music of Jimmy Lunceford's band, it tells of a small southern dance band that meets trouble at a roadside owned by Lloyd Nolan. It is an unusual film, and features uniformly good performances. —Plaza; showing.

## ★★ HELLAZOPPIN'

Olsen and Johnson, Martha Raye. (Universal)

HERE is the film version of Broadway's record-wrecking four-year riot, and it is good escapist fare with plenty of madcap comedy and a racy tempo.

The show features the original stars, Olsen and Johnson, who are responsible for most of the crazy humor, plus Martha Raye, Hugh Herbert, Mischa Auer, Jane Frazer, and Robert Paige.

The story is merely present to provide an excuse for the snappy musical numbers and lavish stage presentations. It is all about a rich girl in love with a poor boy. —State; showing.

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**★★ Ships With Wings**

John Clements, Leslie Banks in stirring Fleet Air Arm adventure. —Lyceum; 4th week.

**★★ Johnny Eager**

Robert Taylor share luxuriant underworld melodrama. —St. James; 4th week.

**★★ The Chocolate Soldier**

Rise Stevens, Nelson Eddy sing in ill-fitting operetta. —Liberty; 3rd week.

**★★ International Squadron**

Ronald Reagan, Olympic Braden in entertaining drama. —Mayfair; 3rd week.

**★★ Sullivan's Travels**

Joel McCrea, Veronica Lake in unusual comedy drama. —Prince Edward; 3rd week.

## Last Word

Continued from page 18

SURE I used to own that property."

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"I never noticed one."

"Oh, come, Mrs. Jackson, you're too smart not to notice everything that goes on in your neighborhood. How could you miss the headlights of a car?"

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"Sure I did." Her jagged grin showed satisfaction in a good detection job.

"Had Nora and Carter been to your house since she accused you of stealing the letters?"

"No."

"So you had it on them when you found out they were in the woods together, didn't you?"

"I had it on the pair of them all right."

"Did you notify anybody where they were?"

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**GUESSING COMPETITION.** Phyllis Irving and Mrs. Victor Beechcraft guess names of film stars at second anniversary celebration of 2/1st Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment Auxiliary. Party is at Pickwick.



**CELEBRATING ENGAGEMENT.** Lieut. Mac Nathan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Venour Nathan, of Haling Cottage, Buradoo, and Ludovia Ozoux, daughter of Mr. L. Ozoux, of Coogee. Mac just back from Middle East.



**LUNCHEON APPOINTMENT.** Assistant-Section Officer Joy Wallman meets Mrs. Sandy Robertson to lunch with her at Hotel Australia. Joy is stationed in Melbourne. She has few days' leave in Sydney.



**AT ARROWS CLUB.** Lady Wakehurst talks with Dr. John Whittom Flynn, Captain Joyce Whitworth, and Section-Officer Margery Tait when this club for servicewomen is opened at 449 Edgecliff Road.

## Heard Around Town

**PRETTY** Norma Lane, daughter of the G. F. Lanes, of Bellevue Hill, plans to wed Lieut. David Hohnen, A.I.F., this Saturday at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

David is son of late C. J. Hohnen and Mrs. Hohnen, Boxley.

Family has proud Army record, as his three brothers are also in the service.

Lieut. George Hohnen, who just returns from Middle East, will be best man, and Lieut. Ross Hohnen groomsman.

Norma will be attended by her sister Nerida and Gwen Jennings, and her grandmother, Mrs. J. Pembroke, generously gives her clothing coupons to purchase bridesmaids' frocks.

**FAMILY** dinner party given by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. N. F. Bremer, of Cremorne, to announce their daughter June's engagement to Dr. Charles Rowe. Charles is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. I. Rowe, of Moama.

June has busy wartime job as commandant of the Emergency Training Services for C.U.S.A.

**MARGOT BODY**, daughter of the E. R. Bodys, of Traralgon, comes to town and stays at Queen's Club with her aunt, Mrs. T. H. Windeyer.

Margot receives news that her fiance, Captain Alan Manning, returns to Australia . . . their marriage will probably take place when he arrives in Sydney on his leave.

**TWENTY-FIRST** birthday for Anne Oxenham. Her father, Dr. H. B. Oxenham, presents her with lovely emerald brooch.

Anne celebrates with luncheon at Prince's . . . her guests include Margo Cou, Neil Twohill, Pam Nixon, Shirley Egan, Pat and Molly Oxenham.



**CHEQUES.** Mr. W. Becker, Misses Polly King (right), and Marjorie Charlies receive first batch for their special appeal for Kindergarten Union. Aim is £6000.



**DANCERS.** Darya Collin (centre) and Edmee Monod discuss Ravel's music with Olga Krasnik. Olga will be pianist at their recital on August 26 at Conservatorium for Red Cross.

**NEW** venture for Metropolitan Air Force Comforts Fund is despatch of books, magazines and papers to R.A.A.F. men stationed in north of Australia.

"A most appealing letter from a flier at Darwin prompted us to do this," says Edith Raine, secretary.

"He wrote to say that all the men just long for newspapers with news of their home town."

"So we're making great effort to send as many as possible. Contributions are very welcome," she adds . . . "may be left at 263 George Street."

**PAPER** is as important as explosives in our war effort," says Mrs. Royce Metcalfe, who is directing women's activities in the National Salvage Campaign.

Mrs. Metcalfe commenced work of publicizing need for waste paper just a year ago, and in that time she has addressed meetings of housewives every day, sometimes twice a day.

"We have to exceed our weekly quota by two hundred tons," she adds.

New scheme to keep up supply is to appoint supervisors in every suburban street to see that each household dutifully collects paper.

**LADY WAKEHURST** promises to attend annual meeting of Ladies' Harbor Lights Guild at Rawson Institute on August 25.



**SUPPER DANCE.** Mrs. A. E. L. Morgan (left) and Miss Rose Merivale make their choice from buffet at Romano's. Funds to the 2/7th Armored Regiment Auxiliary. Miss Merivale is president.

**THIS** concert will enable us to give much-needed help to the Polish and Czech fighting forces," says Mrs. T. H. Kelly when she makes brief speech at symphony concert at Town Hall.

Programmes autographed by Friedman are sold by Polish and Czech girls . . . include Mrs. O. Sussland, whose husband is captain in Czech Army in Middle East, Dorothy Krejlik, Vera Svatos, Mrs. Richard Shorter, and Mrs. Felix Farber . . . all wear national costume.

Lady Gowrie lunches at Government House before coming to concert with Lord and Lady Wakehurst.

**JUST** two days for Val Ashcroft and Captain Douglas Burrows to arrange their wedding . . . they marry at St. Anne's, Strathfield, and Val's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Ashcroft, give reception at home.

Val and Doug announced engagement over two years ago, just before he sailed for Middle East.

**PLANS** are being made by Sheila Murchison and fiance Flight-Lieutenant Bob Cohen for their wedding. It will take place in a few weeks' time, on Bob's next leave.

Ceremony will be at registry office.

**FRIENDS** of Nancy Throsby meet her fiance, Roald Edin, of Larvik, Norway, at sherry party which her mother, Mrs. H. Throsby, gives at Forum Club.

Nancy wears pretty frock of blue silk with pleated skirt.

Among guests are Marina Platoff, Mrs. Ter Haagen, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. David Murray, Tony Ryall, and Dr. and Mrs. Francis Thompson.

Betty



**FIRST AID** (from left): Lady Fairlie Cunningham, Mrs. John Jira, and Judy Sayers prepare bandages for first-aid post in garage of Mrs. Arthur Edge's home at Vaucluse.

## WHITE-COLLAR GIRL

• There is something very youthful and appealing about a crisp white collar—and it works miracles of cheer for those winter togs.



• From an old pastel wool frock you might make yourself an engaging pinup like this one, which is interpreted in mist-blue angora. Wear it with a dewy-fresh white silk blouse and a vivid belt. (Above.)

• Deep blue silk flecked in a pinky-beige is used for this attractive style which features bracelet-length sleeves and a cunning hip yoke to give a peplum effect. The front and collar are of starched white pique. (Right.)

• Here is a charming two-piece style that can be simply made by teaming two frocks you are tired of, the top of one and the skirt of the other. Add Peter Pan collar in white silk, and presto! you have a gay new frock, and without a single coupon. (Left.)

• Achieve that "spring-is-almost-here" look by peping up your winter suit with a white pique blouse. This fetching suit is done in tan wool boldly chalk-striped in white. (Left centre.)

New Under-arm  
Cream Deodorant  
safely  
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

ARRID is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar today!

**ARRID**

2/- a jar. Also in ½d. jars.  
All chemists & stores selling toilet goods  
Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

### Make Eight Bottles Of Nice To Take Cough Remedy For Cost of One

Wise folk will save money by making their own family remedy for overcoming the ills of winter chills by simply adding a bottle of "HEENZO" (costs 2/1) to sweetened water, thus making one pint or the equal of eight bottles of the best ready made up cough remedies that would cost up to £1. "HEENZO" is guaranteed to act as quickly as any remedy known to medical science, and as it is nice to take and does not contain harsh drugs it is equally good and safe for all members of the family.\*\*\*

### THIS WINS £1 PRIZE!

● Reader makes coat and skirt from two pairs of old trousers and collects prize in our weekly coupon-saving competition.

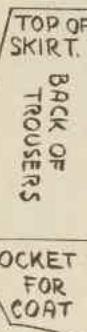
At right is a picture of the smart two-piece which Mrs. M. Gibson, of 39 Hendy Avenue, Coogee, N.S.W., has made from two pairs of grey trousers.

Below are diagrams showing how the suit was cut from the unpicked, pressed, and turned trousers.

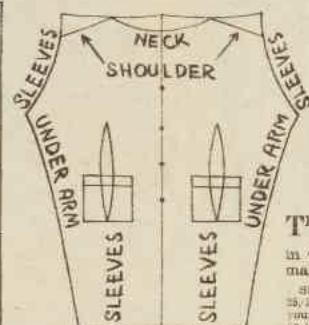
Mrs. Gibson writes: "The average man in pre-war days usually purchased two pairs of trousers. So, when rationing came in, I hit upon the idea of turning the old trousers into a stunning suit for myself."

This is the way to do it: First, unpick, press, and turn trousers. Place skirt pattern on four backs of trousers, with the waist at bottom section of the trouser material, and cut. Side seams form centre front and centre back. The pockets for jacket can then be cut from the tops. The belt forms the waistband of skirt.

The coat is made from the fronts, the side seams also forming centre front and back. Place pattern on and cut to size. Shape in back seam and dart front.



SMART ENOUGH to wear anywhere—this is the suit that a reader made from two pairs of old grey trousers.

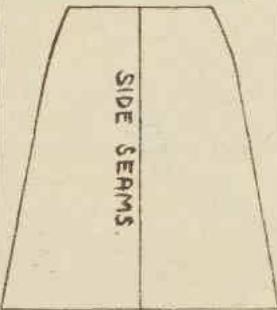


THESE DIAGRAMS will help you if you, too, wish to make your self a suit from trousers.

The bottom part of trousers is used to make the sleeves.

Diagrams given here will help you in the making.

Clothes-rationing saves us many pounds a year. What is more important, it makes available enormous quantities of the three vital weapons



SIDE SEAMS of trousers form centre back and front seams of skirt. See article.

of this war: manpower, materials, and money.

Therefore, every coupon you can save by making over at little or no cost out-dated, outgrown garments is a feather in your cap.

To encourage and help readers save coupons The Australian Women's Weekly is giving a cash prize of £1 for the best idea of the week and 5/- will be paid for all others published.

Photographs and negative or sketch plus diagrams and full description of the made-over article or renovation must accompany each entry.

Address your coupon-saving idea to Eve Gye, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.

How to obtain "Beryl," illustrated top right. In N.S.W. obtain special note for required amount and send to Box 3490, G.P.O. Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page of this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement, and name of model.

### Fashion FROCK SERVICE



### You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

**MURINE**  
FOR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

### LIKE TO FEEL FIT AGAIN?

When you are at your best in vigorous normal health there is a spring in your stride, snap in everything you did, sparkle in your eyes, and boundless resources of energy to call on, day or night?

Well, you can recover this normal fitness and energy, though the years may have moved on. You can throw off quickly the effects of war strain, domestic or business worries, and face the future with new confidence. All you need is WINCARNIS, the natural tonic wine that fortifies the nerves and brain. WINCARNIS is blended from choice wines and two kinds of strengthening vitamins. Over 26,000 recommendations from medical men prove how WINCARNIS brings back the alertness of health. You'll feel better, brighter in mind and stronger in body, with the first glass of WINCARNIS. It is the "No-Waiting Tonic." Ask your chemist for WINCARNIS.\*\*\*

Sizes 20, 34, 26-inch bust, ready to wear, 25-cent. coupon; 20, 34, 26-inch bust, ready to make, 17.11 (10 coupons). Sizes 30, 32 and 40-inch bust, ready to wear, 30.11 (10 coupons); or traced ready to make yourself, 18.11 (10 coupons). Postage, 3½d. extra, TO OBTAIN "BERYL," SEE COUPON AT FOOT OF THIS PAGE.

### Always Wakes Up So Happy and Bright



Teething "upsets" so easily pull baby down — yet they are so unnecessary. At teething time you should give the child Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. In the safest and simplest way, they allay irritation, cool the blood, and keep the motions regular. Baby feels fine and teething passes without worry.

Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders are guaranteed perfectly harmless.

Box of 20 Powders 1/7

### ASHTON & PARSONS Infants' Powders

Write for a FREE SAMPLE to PHOSFERINE (ASHTON & PARSONS) LTD., POST OFFICE BOX 34, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

### SORRY! SERVICE FOR THE SERVICES, FIRST!

"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SOLDIER"—  
THE SONG'S WELL-KNOWN TO YOU—  
AND THE SAME THINGS ABOUT A SAILOR  
AND MANY AN AIRMAN, TOO.  
IT'S AROUND HIS CHEST — FOR ONLY THE BEST  
WILL SUIT THE SERVICES — HENCE THE NILE!!  
AND THAT'S WHY YOU AND OTHER FOLKS, TOO,  
MUST WAIT WITH A SMILE FOR YOUR NILE FOR A WHILE.



AS SMART AND DURABLE AS COLOUR-FAST NILE HANDKERCHIEFS  
Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd., 134 Broadway, Sydney.

### DeWitt's Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere. Prices 1/6, 3/-, and 5/9.



# Fashion PATTERNS



This economy year, LISTERINE Tooth Paste comes into its own! It goes further! Cleans better! Saves you money!

## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Contains only the finest dental powders, creamed for convenience — plus the Antiseptic oils of LISTERINE itself, something you get in no other dentifrice. There's over 1-lb. of tooth paste in the large tube.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burns, Dandruff, Itch and scaling is a germ infection. Remove the cause, kill the germs with Listerine, the sole Antiseptic.

<b>Concession Coupon</b>	
<p>A VAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.</p> <p>Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:</p> <p>Box 481G, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 482C, G.P.O., Sydney.      Box 480P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.      Tasmania: Box 18C, G.P.O., Melbourne. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)      N.Z.: Box 400MW, G.P.O., Sydney.</p> <p>Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.</p>	
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.	
NAME _____	TOWN _____
STREET _____	SIZE _____
SUBURB _____	Pattern Coupon, 22/8/42
STATE _____	

**PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in large letters. \* Use a separate envelope and include necessary stamp and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children, state age & child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



## SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

### SIMPLE BUT CHARMING STYLES

Sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Requires: 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

Always look for the name

**MORLEY**

ON UNDERWEAR  
AND KNITWEAR

**BY DAY...she's in the Land Army**



**BY NIGHT...**

**she's the Darling of the Forces**

*(thanks to Pond's "Lips" and Pond's Powder)*



Pond's "Lips" Refills are now available  
at all chemists and stores.



*Thrift...*  
is a weapon to  
defeat the enemy

All of us have been asked to restrict our spending. You can help by cutting down on your use of our products. Make your lipstick and your powder spin out as long as you can. Pond's Lipstick and Powder are naturally economical to use, but you can make them even more economical. In doing this, you'll save money that will help out war effort in more ways than one.

Made by the makers of Pond's famous Creams.

## BEAUTY . . . on the budget



FOR LUNCH Jill has wholemeal bread salad sandwiches, fruit and milk. This is followed by a walk in the park.

• Young business girl tells Mary Rose, our Beauty Expert, how she manages in this new era to look smart, attractive, and keep healthy and fit.

JILL GORMLY, the girl pictured above, is secretary and receptionist to a well-known doctor.

In that capacity she must not only be efficient but she must always be meticulously groomed, charming, attractive.

### CAPTURE: UNTOLD PLEASURE



Enjoy that foot-tapping rhythm—those popular melodies. The latest Jazz and Screen Hits.

Play the

### Steel Guitar

\* Banjo Mandolin  
\* Piano Accordion  
\* Spanish Guitar  
\* Banjo Ukulele  
\* Button Accordion  
\* Clarinet  
\* Mouth Organ  
\* Saxophone  
\* Piano  
\* Violin  
\* Hill Billy Guitar

with a  
Signed Money Back Guarantee  
through a

SAMPSON POSTAL COURSE  
No need to be clever—no scale or exercises—  
beginners same success as players.  
Just for you—no expense—just time. You're  
not disappointed! It costs you nothing.

A wonderful range of imported instruments  
to choose from.  
Small deposits and weekly payments to any  
one of our agents. **ALL FREIGHT IS PAID.**  
Write for your **FREE CATALOGUE** and  
details of lessons. Mention the instrument  
you favour.

SYDNEY:  
Dept. R, 22 York St.  
Box 618X. G.P.O.

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Sampson's,  
Dept. R, Box 47, P.O.,  
Collins Street.

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Dept. R, 22 York St.  
Box 3553, G.P.O.

"It's the only Correspondence School  
endorsed by The Music League of Australia."

ADELAIDE:  
National Music  
Schools,  
Dept. R,  
Box 6087, G.P.O.

PEPPER MINT CURE

for Croup and Bronchitis!

Woods' PEPPERMINT CURE</



THESE FIVE SMALL FISH were seasoned with salt and lemon, wrapped in greased paper, and baked for 10 minutes. A hearty entree or sweet to follow will satisfy the appetite.

#### CHEESED FISH ON TOAST

One dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 cup cooked flaked fish, 1 good squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt, 2 or 3 slices of buttered toast, 2 or 3 small lemon wedges.

Melt butter and stir in flour. Stir in milk and bring to boil. Cool slightly and add beaten egg (may be omitted), grated cheese, flaked fish, lemon juice, and pepper and salt to taste. Cook slowly without boiling until piping hot. Pile on buttered toast. Sprinkle with parsley and serve with lemon wedges.

#### FRIED TASMANIAN SCALLOPS (With Sauce Tartare)

One pound (1 pint) scallops, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne, squeeze lemon juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind.

Clean and trim fish and place flat on oven dish. Cover with sliced onion, add bunch of herbs, cloves, peppercorns and salt and pour over vinegar. Cover with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve cold with cucumber salad.

#### SOUSED FISH WITH SALAD

To every lb. fish allow about 1 cup vinegar, 1 small sliced onion, small bunch young parsley and mint sprigs, 2 cloves, 3 or 4 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt.

Clean and trim fish and place flat on oven dish. Cover with sliced onion, add bunch of herbs, cloves, peppercorns and salt and pour over vinegar. Cover with greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 30 minutes. Serve cold with cucumber salad.

#### SAUCE TARTARE

Half cup mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon chopped pickles, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon capers, 1 dessertspoon pickled gherkin, cucumber or olives, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Combine ingredients just before serving. Serve with hot fish or a dressing for fish salads.

#### GRILLED FISH

(With Fried Foremeat Balls)

Small whole fish, fillets or cutlets fish, melted butter, cut lemon, pepper and salt, one cup breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or bacon fat, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice, 1-8th teaspoon salt, pepper.

Wash and trim fish, rub inside and out with cut lemon. Slit whole fish across 2 or 3 times. Brush with melted butter and grill for 5 to 10 minutes, until flesh is white and flaky. Turn several times. Combine ingredients for foremeat, roll into small balls. Deep fry in fat or shallow fry in butter. Serve hot with the fish.

#### CREAMED FISH PIES

Six ounces cheese pastry or flaky pastry, 1 cup white sauce, 1 cup flaked, cooked fish, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Roll pastry out thinly. Cut into rounds. Use half to line paty tins and moisten edges. Fill with other combined ingredients, cover with remaining pastry, glaze and bake in a hot oven (425-450 deg. F.) for 20 minutes.

#### FISH GRIDDLE CAKES

Three-quarters cup of self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup cooked flaked fish or oysters, lemon, and parsley.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add 1 teaspoon lemon rind and beat to a smooth batter with milk, beaten egg, and melted butter. Add fish. Fry in spoonfuls on hot buttered griddle or frying pan, turning to brown. Serve piping hot with lemon and parsley.

#### Suggested Menus

(1)

Tomato Juice Cocktail  
Grilled Garfish  
Seasoned Foremeat Balls  
Potato Straws  
Sauce Tartare  
Apple Pie Wedges with Caramel Lemon Sauce

(2)

Cream of Celery Soup  
Toasted Cheese Scones  
Soused Fish with Cucumber and Tomato Salad  
Mayonnaise  
Brown Bread and Butter Sandwiches  
Fluffy Rhubarb Pie

(3)

Pineapple and Nut Salad  
Creamed Fish Pies  
Green Peas  
Baked Tomatoes  
Dried Parsnips  
Hot Apple Charlotte

#### HAIL AND FARE WELL



SOLVOL'S RICH, GENTLE LATHER  
GETS DIRT MOVING QUICKLY. WORN  
-IN GRIME AND SLUDGE ROLL OUT  
OF PORES AND CREASES. HANDS  
ARE SMOOTH AND SPOTLESS.

**SOLVOL**

# Winners in recipe contest

• You'll note a man wins first prize of £1 in this week's competition. Olwen Francis, who judges the contest—open to all readers each week—was greatly pleased with her "find." Read what she says about all the prizewinning recipes.

**N**OW, is Lochee Irish or Scotch? It was the name of a ship and would make a pretty name for a girl. The Lochee potato cake is sound, sensible, economical, and savory, and it took a man to send it in.

Its runner-up, and a consolation prizewinner, is a breakfast griddle cake recipe that is simple and inexpensive. So is the economy cake which I've made once, twice and then again. Try grated orange rind and a caramel coloring if spices are on the short list.

The loquat sauce and cauliflower platters are recipes often asked for, so here they are. The spiced grapefruit recipe and macaroni with oyster recipe are good to have tucked in the file when someone in the family says, "Let's have something different for supper to-night!"

#### LOCHEE POTATO CAKE

Three fair-sized potatoes, 1 breakfast - cup finely-minced or chopped meat, 1 cup self-raising flour, one level teaspoon of salt.

Boil potatoes till cooked; strain off water; mash potatoes, add suet, flour, and salt. Mix well, make into a flat cake, about 2ins. thick; mark top with a fork. Garnish top with bacon cut up into small pieces, or with grated cheese, or with sliced apples. Garnish can be left out of recipe if preferred. Place on slide or in baking dish, and put into a moderate oven, and cook till golden brown. Can be eaten hot; any left, try for breakfast, or cut into slices and served cold for lunch. Very nice served cold with cold meat.

First Prize of £1 to Mr. N. V. Andrews, 140 Darling Rd., East Malvern SES, Vic.

#### RICE CAKES AND BACON

Take two cups cooked rice, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, some rashers bacon.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Stir in beaten egg, milk, and rice. Fry bacon and arrange on dish. Drop spoonfuls rice batter in pan containing the fat in which bacon was fried. Brown nicely on both sides and serve with the bacon. Garnish with parsley. An economical breakfast dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. F. Dalton, 11a Gurr's Rd., Beaumaris Park, S.A.

#### ECONOMY CAKE

No eggs, milk, butter, or sugar.

Half pound self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons honey or golden syrup, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. sultanas, pint tepid water, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2oz. sultanas, raisins, or dates (latter must be chopped).

Sift together flour, ginger, spice, and salt, add fruit. Dissolve carbonate of soda in water, add honey or golden syrup, and mix, then add to dry ingredients. Beat for 2 minutes. Place in a very well-greased loaf or sandwich tin and bake in a moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. When cold it is very nice sliced with or without butter.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Hurley, Flat 2, 15 Nicholson St., Burwood, N.S.W.



## KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

### Basic Recipe No. 12

#### MARMALADE

Four oranges, 4 lemons, 4lb. sugar, 5 pints water.

Wash the fruit thoroughly, using a small brush if necessary. Cut into very fine slices, removing all the pips and tying them in a muslin bag. Put the fruit, water, and pips into a preserving pan and boil gently for about 1½ hours, or until the contents of the pan are thoroughly reduced and the rind tender. Remove the pips. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved. Boil for about 10 minutes or until it will jell when tested on a cold dish. Pour into clean, dry jars, and seal and cover at once.

#### Variations

Bitter Orange Marmalade: 7 bitter oranges, 2 lemons, 5lb. sugar, 5 pints water.

Clear Shred Marmalade: Strain the marmalade through a jelly cloth, adding after straining a small quantity of finely-shredded rind which has been cooked in a muslin bag with the marmalade.

Lemon Marmalade: 9 lemons, 2 pints water, and after cooking the sliced lemons add an equal weight of sugar.

Three-in-One Marmalade: 2 lemons, 2 grapefruit, 2 oranges, 6 pints water, 5lb. sugar.

#### KHO-A SUNDAES

Five tablespoons dried full cream milk, 4oz. butter, 1 cup fresh milk, 2 cup sugar, a little mixed peel.

Mix milk powder with fresh milk until it attains the consistency of fresh breadcrumbs. Heat butter in a frying pan. Put the sugar into the hot butter and when it is melted turn the milk mixture into the pan. Fry quickly to a gentle brown, then turn onto a baking sheet and leave to set. When the mixture is cool, flatten it with the hand on a wooden board, pressing the shredded mixed peel into the cake. Cut into small rounds with a plain pastry cutter, and serve with or without whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Osborne, La Chatsbury, Ithaca Rd., Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W.

#### CRISPY RHUBARB PUDDING

Four rhubarb sticks, 1 dessert-spoon jam, a small piece of butter, 1lb. rolled oats, 1 teacupful water.

Put water and jam in a small saucepan and stir until jam is melted. When it comes to the boil add rhubarb cut into inch lengths. Simmer until tender. Strain, then stir the oats into the syrup smoothly. Grease a tin with a margarine or butter paper, press half oats and syrup mixture into this, lay fruit on top and cover with the rest of the oat mixture. Shred up a small piece of butter, dot these shreds on top and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Swanson, 240 Barker St., Randwick, N.S.W.

• Piping-hot cheeses spaghetti is an appetite satisfier after a light fish course. Fresh pineapple with bûche roulade sauce makes an elegant finish to the menu.

#### MACARONI WITH OYSTERS

Take 2oz. macaroni, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1gill milk, 1 dozen oysters, juice half lemon, salt and cayenne.

Break macaroni into pieces an inch long and put into fast-boiling water with a teaspoonful of salt. Boil till tender, and strain. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour, and mix well. Stir in milk with pan off the fire. Replace over gas and stir till it boils. Season with lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. Remove beards from oysters, and put oyster liquor into sauce with the macaroni. Cut six oysters in halves and add them to macaroni. Pour into a fireproof dish and lightly brown in a hot oven for about five minutes. Put six whole oysters on the top, and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Patricia Parker, 3 Richmond Rd., Homebush West, N.S.W.

#### CAULIFLOWER PICKLE

One young cauliflower cut into pieces (not stalks), 3 small cucumbers, 1lb. young beans, 2 onions.

Chop all finely, add 1 cup salt, and cover with water. Soak overnight.

Next morning simmer slowly, but do not boil. Keep simmering until vegetables are tender, add a small clove of garlic if liked. Strain off liquor. Mix into a paste with a little water: 1½ tablespoons mustard, 3 tablespoons plain flour, 1 teaspoon turmeric, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon allspice, a little pepper. Bring 3 cups vinegar to the boil, add paste, stir

SPICED GRAPEFRUIT

Cut large juicy grapefruits in halves crosswise. With a sharp knife make a cut separating pulp from skin all around the edge. Then make cuts separating pulp from tough



## CHAPPED HANDS



Chapped hands, roughened by wind and irritated by house-work, are unsightly and painful. Restore their natural, smooth softness with IODEX, the non-irritating, no-stain iodine ointment. Chronic cases quickly respond. IODEX is also excellent for both broken and unbroken chilblains.

PRICE 2/-, from all chemists

**IODEX**  
NO-STAIN IODINE

## Healthy scalp

... should be yours!

- One of the commonest skin afflictions at all ages is dandruff. And here are strong reasons why it should never be neglected.

By MEDICO

If dandruff were nothing more than an irritation and a somewhat shame-faced nuisance, it might pass at that, but unfortunately it is a factor in the development of baldness in men and dull, thin hair in women.

It is also frequently associated with that other curse—acne. It is caused by a special germ setting up a growth in the hair papillae and fat glands. The scalp becomes greasy

and the germ thrives, finally destroying the hair papillae so that no new hair can form.

For purposes of treatment dandruff is divided into two types, the "greasy" and the "dry," and the cure is no easy matter.

The trouble is recurrence, and that means long treatment—and continued treatment even when the cure seems final.

If the condition is allowed to go on untreated the growth of the hair stops, the hairs become brittle and fall out, and—this is where added trouble starts—the infected particles of dried scalp fall on the upturned surfaces of the face, forming blackheads and pimples—in short, acne.

There are many variations in the treatment recommended for dandruff, but most authorities agree on some principles.

### Treatment for all types

FOR the decidedly dry type of dandruff, with falling scales and "scurf," the head should be shampooed once or twice a week, the purpose being to remove all dirt, dust, germs and dead skin-cells, therefore nothing should be used but a pure soap dissolved in rainwater.

A good lather should be created, and the scalp vigorously massaged. After the cleaning rinse well with clean rainwater, and be sure to be free of all soap. Then dry with a soft towel, rubbing hard. When it is dry, massage again—this will stimulate the circulation.

These frequent shampooing are inclined to wash away the natural oils of the hair, but this can be overcome by rubbing into the scalp a little lanoline on going to bed.

With long hair this treatment is difficult, but if the lanoline is warmed it will be easier to apply. Make small partings to expose the scalp to application of ointment.

In the case of the greasy type of dandruff the head should be washed every day for a week, rinsing free



THE GIRL pictured above has, as you can see, healthy, shining hair. Neglect pays no dividends in lustre or beauty of the hair.

from lather, drying, then applying the lanoline ointment. Some authorities recommend an ointment containing an antiseptic.

But no antiseptic can replace the cleansing treatment.

During the second week the scalp should be washed three or four times, and each succeeding week the number can be reduced if the course is proceeding well.

FREQUENT and thorough shampooing of the hair, plus vigorous massage, is recommended for ridding the scalp of dandruff. See article.

## Harsh remedies shock your system into action!



IF YOU ARE OVER 35, and still taking harsh remedies, it's time you knew these facts! Harsh stimulants are unnatural. Far from curing, they merely aggravate your condition. Doctors say that over 75% of cases of a serious type of illness are due to purging. So break yourself now of that harsh laxative habit. The real cause of your trouble is lack of "bulk" in modern diet. It's "bulk" food—that you need!



YOUR SYSTEM DEPENDS ON "BULK"—for regular elimination. Unfortunately, our modern staple foods—such as meat, potatoes, white bread, eggs and milk—contain almost no "bulk" at all. And you couldn't eat enough of the natural bulk foods to keep your system functioning regularly.

GOODBYE TO IRREGULARITY! Kellogg's All-Bran, a toasted nut-sweet breakfast food, gives the "bulk" you need. It works in the same way as fruit or vegetables, only more surely, more thoroughly. You get safe, natural "bulk" that massages the internal muscles, and brings about a gentle, thorough movement. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast every morning (with milk and sugar).



I'VE BEEN DOSING WITH HARSH REMEDIES FOR YEARS AND NEVER GOT REGULAR—but KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN BROUGHT SAFE RELIEF INSIDE A WEEK!

GET A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-MORROW

## Growing Vegetables

- Deep digging is best fertiliser.

Says OUR HOME GARDENER

NOTHING is gained by over-early sowings of summer vegetables, particularly tomatoes, beans, and all those other succulent varieties that suffer severely from frost and cold winds.

And as vegetable seed is scarce and therefore precious, don't waste it by out-of-season sowings—wait a while.

In the meantime we can dig manure, and prepare the land for the crops we intend to sow, for nothing is more vital to the success of any garden enterprise than the soil.

Deep digging increases the feeding area for the roots, tempting them to go in the direction which for them is safest. Shallow digging keeps them near the surface and makes suffering from drought probable.

Aside from the actual amount of nourishment in the soil, its texture is of importance. A hard, stiff soil is difficult for roots to penetrate. A hard layer of subsoil sheds both fertiliser and water instead of storing it against the later needs of plants.

The simplest method for the beginner gardener is to ask counsel of a successful gardener in his neighborhood. Gardeners are usually "matey" sort of folk and always ready to give unbiased advice.

Continued on page 29

## A BLACK-OUT IN TIME Saves a Fine!



"We're not blacking out," said Thelma and Fred.  
"If the order comes we'll go to bed."  
But that was the night the baby got croup.  
And this foolish couple were in the soap.

## You Can't let the Neighborhood Down

For safety and the well-being of your family make efficient black-out arrangements NOW!

RYTHMES OF THE TIMES BY...

KAYSER



Pears SOAP  
EVERY BABY'S  
BATHRIGHT

Page 29

## Shopping-bag from string

• A roomy shopping-bag is a necessity these days—crochet a handbag to match and you're all set for your day's marketing! Directions for both are given.

**MATERIALS:** 2 balls of macramé (thin quality) in green and 1 ball in red; 1 No. 7 and 1 No. 6 steel crochet hook; 1 zip fastener in red, 9ins. long, and 1 yd. of lining.

N.B.: The original bags were made in green and red, but you can use any colors available; if you can't get macramé, use fine twine (most of you have yards upon yards of string saved from the garbage bin); if you can't get a zipper use loop and button for fastening handbag.

**Size (Handbag):** 9ins. in width and 7ins. in depth.

**Abbreviations:** Ch. chain; tr. triple; sl-st. slip-stitch; rep. repeat; ins. inches; beg. beginning; d.c. double crochet.

### THE HANDBAG

Use the thread double throughout. Make 22 ch. using green.

**1st Round:** 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in each ch. finishing 3 d.c. in last ch. (23). Now work down the other side of the foundation ch. with 1 d.c. in each ch. and 2 d.c. into where first d.c. was made, thus having 3 d.c. at each end. Continue round and round, working 1 d.c. in each d.c. but inc. at the corners and also in the centre of the corners by working 2 d.c. into 1 d.c., keeping the work flat; and of an oval shape until 14 rounds in all have been worked.

Cut green, join on red and work 7 more rounds. Cut thread.

Press the work on the wrong side. Cut out the lining, allowing 1in. turnings. Fold the bag in half and using red and the crochet hook sl-st. the sides tog. from the right side, but leave an opening of 9ins. at the top. Sl-st. along each side of the opening. Pin in the fastener, then sew on neatly. Make up the lining, turn inside-out and slip inside the bag, then neaten the top. Catch the lining on the lower edge to keep it in place. Make a crochet tassel for the "pull" of the fastener.

### SHOPPING-BAG

Begin with the outside part. Using the thread singly make 79 ch. using green and the No. 7 hook. Join with a sl-st. to form a circle.

**1st Round:** 4 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr into next ch., \* 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 tr into next ch.; rep. from \* all round, finishing with 1 ch. and sl-st. to 3rd of 4 ch. at beg. Rep. this round 3 times more, working the tr on each tr.

**5th Round:** 5 ch., 1 tr on next tr., \* 2 ch., 1 tr. on next tr.; rep. from \* finishing with 1 sl-st. to 3rd ch. of 5 ch. at beg. Rep. this round 7 times more. Change to red, work 2 rounds like 5th. Work 3 rounds using the No. 6 hook. Cut thread.

For the centre using green and No. 7 hook work 16 ch. then work like the centre of the handbag in an oval shape until 14 rounds in all have been worked.



worked. Now sl-st. to the beg. round of the outside part, using green and the No. 7 hook.

Press the work on the wrong side. Fold the bag in half, red at top, then on the wrong side sl-st. the two sides tog for 13 holes at each end, but where the point comes at each side you are advised to gather up 3 holes here to give a good shape. Now work 1 row of sl-st. all round the opening in the centre.

For the handles, use red double and work 29 ch. then work 1 row of d.c. all round the ch. on both sides. Leave 4 holes in the centre free on each side, then sl-st. on the handles each side.

### Growing vegetables

Continued from page 28

NOW stiff, clayey soil can be improved both in richness and in texture by the addition of manure. Coal ash will improve its texture if added in small quantities, but add nothing to its fertility. The addition of cow manure to sandy soil immensely increases its quota of plant food and its water-holding capacity.

But gardening is a progressive affair, and some of the most perfect vegetable gardens have been built up gradually, first one bed and then another. It will pay the gardener who is just beginning to grow vegetables to manure one bed or patch well rather than scatter a little over a wide area.

If manure cannot be obtained the gardener should grow a cover or green-manure crop, such as equal parts of rye and hairy vetches. This crop when about 10 inches tall should be turned in with plough or fork.

But any kind of manure can be used with sandy soil, although cow manure, being more tenacious and heavy, is recognised as the best. The subsoil should always be cracked up well with the mattock or spade when digging, for the presence of hardpan under a vegetable plot is definitely injurious to crop prospects.

The easiest way to dig a plot of land is to take out a trench 2 feet deep. Put the top soil in a barrow and take it to the other side of the garden and dump it there. Keep the subsoil separate, but take this away, too. Dig a second trench next the first.

Throw the top soil of the second trench clear of the first trench and break up the subsoil. This should be well mixed with manure and spread into the bottom of the first trench.

In our issue of September 5 more information on the successful growing of vegetables will be published.

### Bowral—attractive Home

on 37 acres—excellent land, river frontage, R. light, water, base stove, hot water service, 3 bathrooms, fine trees & garden, tennis court, Cottage, laundry surroundings, £9,500. Others available. Terms . . .

Apply—KEYS & WARD,  
34 SPRING ST., SYDNEY. SW7477.

This **BLONDE**  
beauty can be yours!

### Learn this amazing SECRET

If your blonde hair is going dark and brownish, you are not using the right shampoo. But try Sta-Blond and you will make the amazing discovery—that only Sta-Blond can bring back that lovely "lighter" colour to darkened blonde hair. Sta-Blond prevents blonde hair from darkening and keeps it bright and shining always. For Sta-Blond is made specially for blonde—it's a secret where no ordinary shampoo fails.

### STA-BLOND

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calamari—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily, but your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes three good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up". Millions of people yet amazingly in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

## Do FALSE TEETH Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEREETH, a new, improved powder sprinkled on upper or lower plates, keeps false teeth firm and comfortable. Cannot slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, gooey taste. Keeps breath sweet. Get FASTEREETH to-day at any chemist (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes!!!

ABOVE you see sketches of the capacious shopping-bag and snappy handbag which you can make yourself from fine string or macramé. See directions.

**GIBBS DENTIFRICE**  
WAGES WAR  
ON WASTE!

**SAVE YOUR TEETH**

Gibbs freshens your mouth. Keeps gums firm and pink—teeth dazzling white.

**SAVE YOUR CONTAINERS!**

and conserve Australia's productive effort. The beautiful Gibbs container can't wear out—keeps smart and new-looking for ages.

**SAVE YOUR MONEY**

No need to get a container every time you buy Gibbs Dentifrice. Simply buy a refill at 1/4d. and save 4d. on every purchase.

**Gibbs SOLID Dentifrice**  
in the  
New Ivory container

Large container of 1/8d.  
Large Refill (lasts about 5 months) 1/4d.

© 1942 Gibbs

### THE

## TANGO

will take you Everywhere

When it's a question of choosing shoes that must do duty for many occasions, you can safely select the Bedggood Tango Court.

Its sleek lines are correct with every costume... Its comfort is a revelation.

The flexible instep ensures fit and comfort... eliminating instep pinch.

MADE BY

Bedggood

5 COUPONS



# Knit her this frock!



● Darling pinafore frock designed for the 5, 6, and even 7-year-olds. As you can see, it features puff sleeves, Peter Pan collar, and a jaunty skirt with wide hem, which can be let down for 1943 wear.

THIS GARMENT was knitted in yellow and white. Another was worked in soft blue and white, and looked really sweet.

**J**HIS is a very practical as well as pretty dress for small daughter.

It is the sort of knitted that allows for growth; the waistline is reasonably loose, the skirt carries a two-inch hem, which can be let down as the child shoots upwards.

The dress is worked in double moss-stitch throughout—an attractive but sturdy pattern.

White and yellow and blue and white are lovely combinations.

If you had two little girls it would be a lovely idea to put one in a yellow and white and the other in a blue and white pinafore frock.

The shoulder-straps are loose, being caught down at waistline, back and front.

It would take five coupons to buy sufficient wool for one frock, nine coupons if you needed the wool for two garments.

Here are materials required and directions for making:

Materials: 6oz 4-ply Paton's super Scotch fingering, 0336 (yellow) or 03375 (blue); 3oz 4-ply Paton's super Scotch fingering, 51 (white); 1 pair No. 9 needles; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22ins.; width all round at underarm, 26ins.; length of sleeve from underarm, 34ins.

Tension: 68 sts. and 9 rows to 1in.

#### PATTERN

1st Row: K 2, p 2 throughout row.  
2nd Row: K 2, p 2 throughout row.  
3rd Row: P 2, k 2 throughout row.  
4th Row: P 2, k 2 throughout row. (4 sts. and 4 rows to pattern. Garment to be knitted in pattern throughout.)



FINAL TWIST to your hat for the season. In the above picture you are shown how an old hat can be rejuvenated with odds and ends of leftover wool. Multi-colored wools can be linked together for the purpose. Lay about a skein of wool on the brim and secure it with oversewing stitches to simulate plaiting. Repeat the idea round the crown, dropping the ends through a slit in the brim to cascade in a tassel. Your bag can be treated to match if you have the wool to spare.

#### BODICE—FRONT

Work in back of all cast on sts. Using white wool, cast on 2 sts, k 2.

1st Row: Cast on 2 sts, k 2, p 2.

2nd Row: Cast on 2 sts, p 2, k 2,

3rd Row: Cast on 4 sts, (p 2, k 2) twice, p 2.

4th Row: Cast on 4 sts, (k 2, p 2) 3 times, k 2.

5th Row: Cast on 6 sts, (p 2, k 2) 5 times.

6th Row: Cast on 6 sts, (k 2, p 2) 5 times, k 2.

7th Row: Cast on 8 sts, (k 2, p 2) 8 times, k 2.

8th Row: Cast on 8 sts, (p 2, k 2) 10 times, p 2.

9th Row: Cast on 8 sts, (p 2, k 2) 12 times, p 2.

10th Row: Cast on 8 sts, (k 2, p 2) 14 times, k 2.

11th Row: Cast on 16 sts, work in pattern to end of row.

12th Row: Cast on 16 sts, work in pattern to end of row. (90 sts.)

Work 22 rows in pattern.

Shape for armhole as in back, then work 20 rows. (62 sts.)

Next Row: Work 26 sts, cast off 10, work 26.

Work 2 tog. at neck edge every alternate row until 21 sts. remain.

Cast off 7 sts. 3 times to shape shoulder. Work other side in similar manner.

#### STRAPS

Using blue or yellow wool, cast on 12 sts. and work for 30 patterns (120 rows). Cast off. Work 2 straps for half-collar.

Work 4 rows in pattern, then work 2 tog. at each end of the next and every alternate row until 22 sts. remain.

Work 1 row. Cast off.

Make other half of collar in similar manner.

Press carefully. Make 3 button-holes at back opening. Pin straps in position on body and sew front, then back, of skirt to body. Join up side seams. Gather sleeves and sew to cuffs. Turn up hem on skirt. Join sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, gathering extra fullness at crown of sleeves. Sew on buttons.

#### Miss Precious Minutes says:

ANY kind of fruit can be peeled more easily if dipped before hand in hot water.

TO freshen your patent-leather shoes try rubbing them with lukewarm milk and then work the leather with half a raw onion.

SUEDE leather belts if washed should be rinsed out finally in water containing a little turpentine. This prevents them from drying hard.

WHEN your raincoat loses its pristine freshness, do not discard it. Cut it up, make squares, and stuff with old rags or kapok. It will make an excellent kneeling-pad, particularly useful in the garden, for scrubbing, polishing, etc.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press carefully with damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams, and from wrong side of work, using blue or yellow wool, pick up and knit 36 sts. for half-collar.

Work 4 rows in pattern, then work 2 tog. at each end of the next and every alternate row until 22 sts. remain.

Work 1 row. Cast off.

Make other half of collar in similar manner.

Press carefully. Make 3 button-holes at back opening. Pin straps in position on body and sew front, then back, of skirt to body. Join up side seams. Gather sleeves and sew to cuffs. Turn up hem on skirt. Join sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, gathering extra fullness at crown of sleeves. Sew on buttons.

#### SELEVES (BOTH ALIKE)

Using white wool, cast on 80 sts., and work 4 rows. Increase 1 st. at each end of the next and every following 4th row, 3 times. (86 sts.)

Work 3 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Work 2 tog. at each end of every alternate row until 40 sts. remain. Cast off.

Cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows.

Work 2 tog. at each end of every alternate row until 40 sts. remain. Cast off.

#### CUFFS (BOTH ALIKE)

Cast on 60 sts. with blue or yellow wool. Work 15 rows. Cast off from wrong side.



HERE you see a close-up of the pattern—double moss-stitch—used throughout in the working of the pinafore frock.

## Trio of new lovely designs for you

1. Unusual tray-set.
2. Bonnet and bib for baby.
3. Attractive, useful overalls for the 4 to 10-year-olds.

WHY not brighten up the breakfast, tea or coffee tray with this dainty tray-cloth and tea-cosy set?

It is available now from our Needlework Department traced on sheer linen in shades of blue, lemon, pink, green, and white. The unusually gay basket embroidery motif is such a change from conventional flower designs.

The working of the design is most simple, as can be seen by the larger diagram, for only buttonhole-stitch and stem-stitch are used for the embroidery.

The tea-cosy, which measures 13 x 10 inches, is priced at 3/6, and the tray-cloth, which measures 11 x 17 inches, is 2/9, plus 3d postage. Complete set costs 5/9, plus 6d postage.



PICTURED ABOVE is a close-up of the dainty basket motif which decorates the tea-tray set.

### Such a sweet bonnet and bib for baby

A COSY new set, pepmed up with gay embroidery. Obtainable now from our Needlework Department it is traced on good quality cream clydedale ready to cut out, machine, and embroider.

The embroidery is very simple: Buttonhole around the outside edges and work flowers in satin-stitch and stem-stitch with french knots.

In sizes to fit infants up to 18 months the prices are: Bonnet 3/6, bib 1/11, and the complete set 4/11. The bonnet and bib (complete set) require only one coupon, and 2d postage.

If buying individually, please note that the bonnet or bib requires one coupon.



WHEN ORDERING this simple but sweet bonnet and bib, please quote No. 103. Full details of material, color, and prices are given at left. Remember it is all ready to cut out and sew up.



No. 254—Overalls such as these pictured above are a jolly good investment, particularly for summer wear. They look well, wear well, and save precious dresses and under-garments.

### OVERALLS

- Smart, useful garments for the 4 to 10-year-olds.

THESE attractive and so very useful overalls (illustrated at left), designed for 4 to 10-year-olds, are ideally suited for immediate wear, or can be put aside for play, picnics and such in the warmer days ahead.

They would make excellent "siren" suits—easy to slip on in an emergency.

The overalls come to you traced on hard-wearing linona in shades of cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green.

Note the neat collar, front fastening, nipped-in waist, belted back, huge patch pockets, and long, roomy trousers.

In sizes to fit 4 to 6-year-olds the price is 6/11 (and 8 coupons); 6 to 8 years, price 7/11 (and 9 coupons); 8 to 10 years, price 9/3 (and 10 coupons). Plus 9d extra for postage.

A paper pattern is available for 1/1.

## KEEP HEALTHY THIS NATURAL WAY

You can end constipation naturally, promptly, effectively with NYAL FIGSEN. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting laxative. One or two tablets before retiring. Figsen acts overnight without disturbing your sleep. No stomach upsets, no gripping pain. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly, gently, but thoroughly. Figsen is equally good for young and old. Sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3 a tin. The next best thing to Nature ...

**Nyal Figsen**  
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

### SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
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Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4688W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne, New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



A LEVER PRODUCT



I WAS ALWAYS ONE FOR LIFEBOUY'S 'B.O.' PROTECTION, BUT GOSH THESE HECTIC DAYS I NEED IT MORE THAN EVER!



3. Before going out again—a Lifebuoy bath to freshen him up! That lively, bracing bath gets rid of stale perspiration, makes him fighting fit for whatever the evening brings.

4. Tom's an Auxiliary Fireman as well, you see. This double life is hard on us both but how thankful I am he can still go to it "like a youngster!"

## If Your Ears Ring with Head Noises

If you have roaring, buzzing noises in your ears, are getting hard of hearing and fear Catarrhal Deafness, go to your chemist and get 1 oz. of **Parmin** (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day. This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal trouble of the ears, is hard of hearing or has head noises should give this prescription a trial ...

## Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 2 million tiny delicate kidney tubes or nephrons. Proper diet and exercise of Bladder make you suffer from Interstitial Sleep, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints, or Arthritis, and Painful Urination when the doctor's prescription **Cystex**. **Cystex** starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. And you can apply for a refund for **Cystex** (Blastex) to-day. The Guaranty protects you. New in 2 sizes—1/9, 4/9. **Cystex** Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

## Children's Colds go while they sleep!

When your child gets a cold—it's no time to experiment. Here is a marvelous "thermal cream" way to clear stuffed-up nose; relieve sore throat; and break up croupy chest congestion.

Buckley's Wintrol Rub ... newly introduced to this country—but long and well proved by mothers through many a cold winter.

Rub Buckley's Wintrol Rub over neck and chest and see how quickly its glowing, "thermal" action stops shivery aches and keeps little ones warm and comfortable through the night, while its wonderful 3-way action is driving out the croupy congestion.

Get Buckley's Wintrol Rub—now from any chemist or store ...



THE  
ONE SOAP  
SPECIALY  
MADE TO  
PREVENT  
"B.O."



The Australian Women's Weekly — August 22, 1942

# Women in uniform

NEW clothes to wear — and brand new jobs to go with them! Even little things like laundering man-tailored shirts or keeping lisle stockings up to the mark are strange to many girls. Persil will help you through your washing worries. Its busy, oxygen-charged suds search out the deep down dirt — yet they wash so quickly and so safely. But if any little problems crop up drop a line to Mrs. Holiday, Box 3767SS, Sydney. She's a washing authority and will be only too pleased to help you.



## HOW TO MAKE YOUR CLOTHES TOE THE LINE

BY MRS. MARY HOLIDAY

### UNIFORM SHIRTS

It simplifies ironing if you press a shirt in this order: Shoulders, collar, centre front, cuffs and sleeves. Then fold the back in half lengthwise and iron both sides. Lastly, turn the front uppermost and iron it. Finish off by giving the collar a final press.

You'll find a shirt much easier to launder if you soak it in plain cold water for a while before you start to wash because this loosens the dirt on collar and cuffs.

Remember to rinse it well and turn the garment inside out before leaving it to dry.

### LISLE HOSE

When lisle stockings dry streaky it's often due to insufficient rinsing or because they were too wet when you hung them to dry. Always rinse them till the water runs clear, and if possible add a little vinegar to the last rinse.

Squeeze well and roll in a towel to absorb all surplus moisture.

Dry inside out, moving their position occasionally, especially if they're "heavy" stockings.



P.190.1



A little job but a big risk of GERMS!



In just such everyday jobs you are in constant danger. Germs breed in the dust — cling to everything you touch. Make sure your hands are not "carriers".



When the job is done, wash with Guardian Health Soap, its medicated lather gets rid of germs as well as dirt, and a Guardian bath or shower is just the way to start the day.



Women everywhere like Guardian because it's so long-lasting. You get a big family-sized tablet for your money.

GUARD AGAINST GERMS WITH **GUARDIAN** FAMILY HEALTH SOAP